

March 7, 1962

Registered in Australia for transmission by post as a newspaper.
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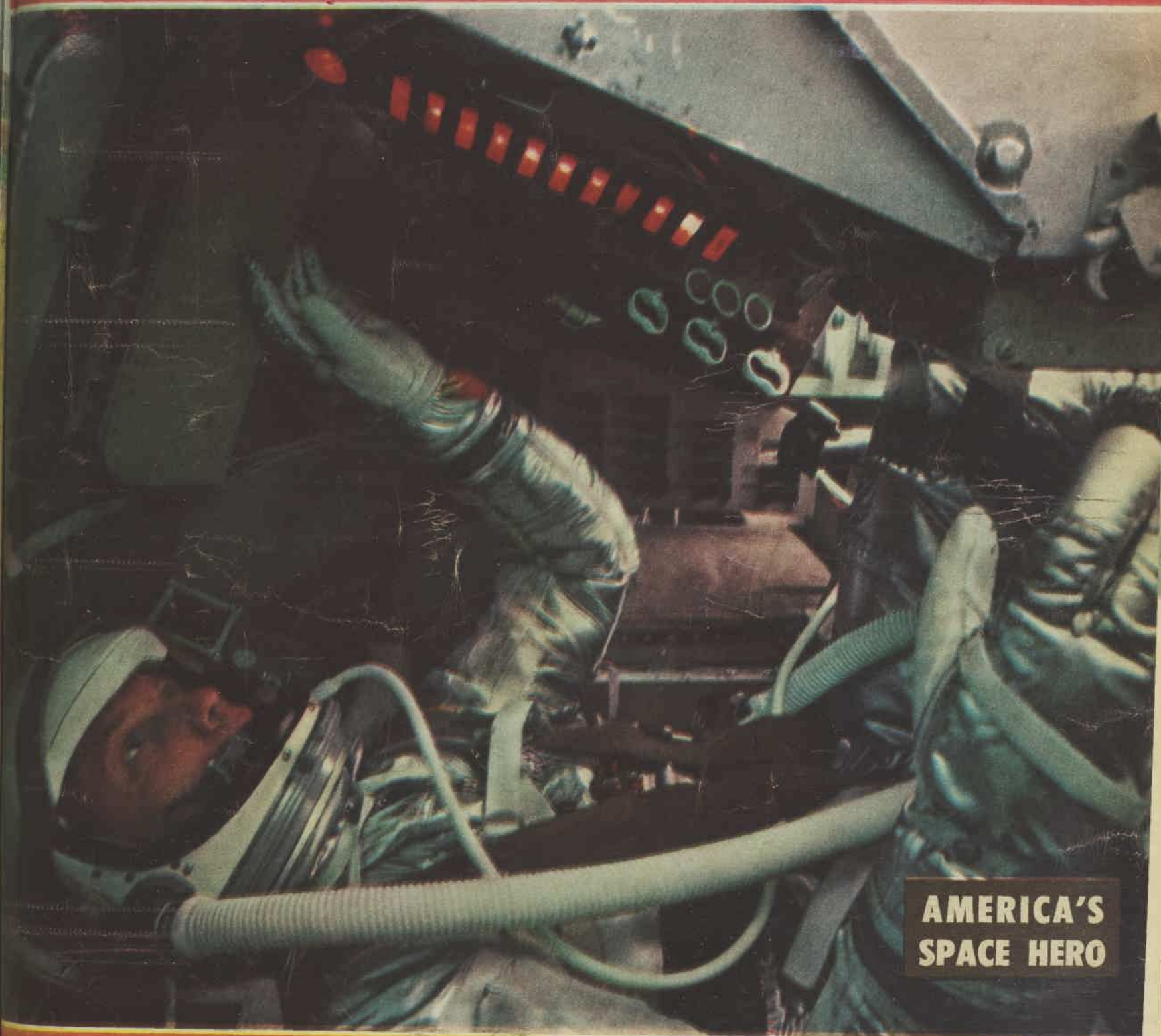
The Australian

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

PRICE

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CAKE-ICING
DESIGN**



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10 PAGES of FASHION**



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WEDDING
DRESS**

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depends on how well you clean your face TONIGHT

How lovely you look tomorrow will depend on the success of your make-up — and that will depend on how thoroughly you cleanse your face tonight.

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Pond's cream cleansing leaves your skin delightfully soft, smooth and clean — ready to display tomorrow's make-up to perfection.

Available in convenient Tubes and Regular and Large Jars.

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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Melbourne: Newspaper House, 247 Collins St., Melbourne. Letters: Box 156C, G.P.O.
Brisbane: 81 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 406P, G.P.O.
Adelaide: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 388A, G.P.O.
Perth: C/o Newspaper House, 125 St. George's Terrace, Perth. Letters: Box 491G, G.P.O.
Tasmania: Letters to Sydney address.

MARCH 7, 1962

Vol. 29, No. 40

CONTENTS

Special Features

Dior Goes Square	10, 11
Snow Games for Princess Grace's Family	15
Autumn Fashions	19 to 25

Fiction

... And Share Your Soul, Michael Drury	31
Hours To Kill (serial, part 4), Ursula Curtiss	33
A Fine Sight, Denys Val Baker	35
Lisa And The Food Of Love, Eva Ibbotson	37

Regular Features

Worth Reporting	4
Social	12, 13
It Seems To Me, Dorothy Drain	14
Television Parade, Films	17
Letter Box, Ross Campbell	30
Stars	61
Your Bookshelf	66
Mandrake, Crossword	71

Home and Family

Cookery—Cake of the Month	39
Recipes from a Famous French Cookbook	40, 41
Home Hints	41
Prize Recipes, Transfers	42
A Mother's Story—"My husband was 20 years older"	43
At Home with Margaret Sydney	46
Collectors' Corner	47
Home Plans	51
Gardening—Holly	53

Fashion

Fashion Frocks	68
Fashion Patterns	69

THE WEEKLY ROUND

• "The Pleasure of His Company," the film which has inspired our Wedding Dress Contest, was a smash hit as a Broadway play — and had an Australian star.

HE was Cyril Ritchard, beloved by audiences at home as well as abroad for his gaiety and charm.

The critics widely acclaimed Cyril for his delightfully entertaining role in the Broadway production. Even "Time" magazine, which doesn't hand compliments out very often, said he was wonderful.

In the stage show, Cyril was the wandering playboy father — the part taken by Fred Astaire in the film.

A SOUTH AUSTRALIAN slimmer has written to confirm Lilian Roxon's theory that the desire to be attractive helps a person lose weight.

Mrs. Beverley Cook, Croydon Park, had read Lilian's article, "Let Love Help You To Diet," in our February 7 issue, and writes:

"I tried diet after diet, but could not stick to one for more than a few days.

"However, one day I decided that if I could not lose weight I could at least make myself much more attractive.

"I went on a spending spree and bought lotions, cosmetics, and a really 'dressy' dress which cost quite a bit more than I could afford.

"But for once I didn't worry. I just went ahead and bought them. And they've been worth every penny.

"Like Lilian, after a few weeks of my self-improvement plan, I thought if I lost a little weight I'd look even better.

Our cover

• Dramatic picture of American astronaut Lieut. Colonel John Glenn, who orbited the earth three times last week, raising his hands to the control panel of his capsule during his pre-flight training.

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"So I went on another diet (1200 calories a day), and this time I stayed on it.

"The results have been a real thrill.

"So, all you girls who have a few pounds to lose, do it Lilian's way, because it really works."

A SENIOR stenographer who has worked for a variety of bosses in numerous places — including Kenya, South Africa, the Pacific Islands, and Sydney — says she thoroughly enjoyed our article "What Every Secretary Should Know About Bosses" (January 17 issue).

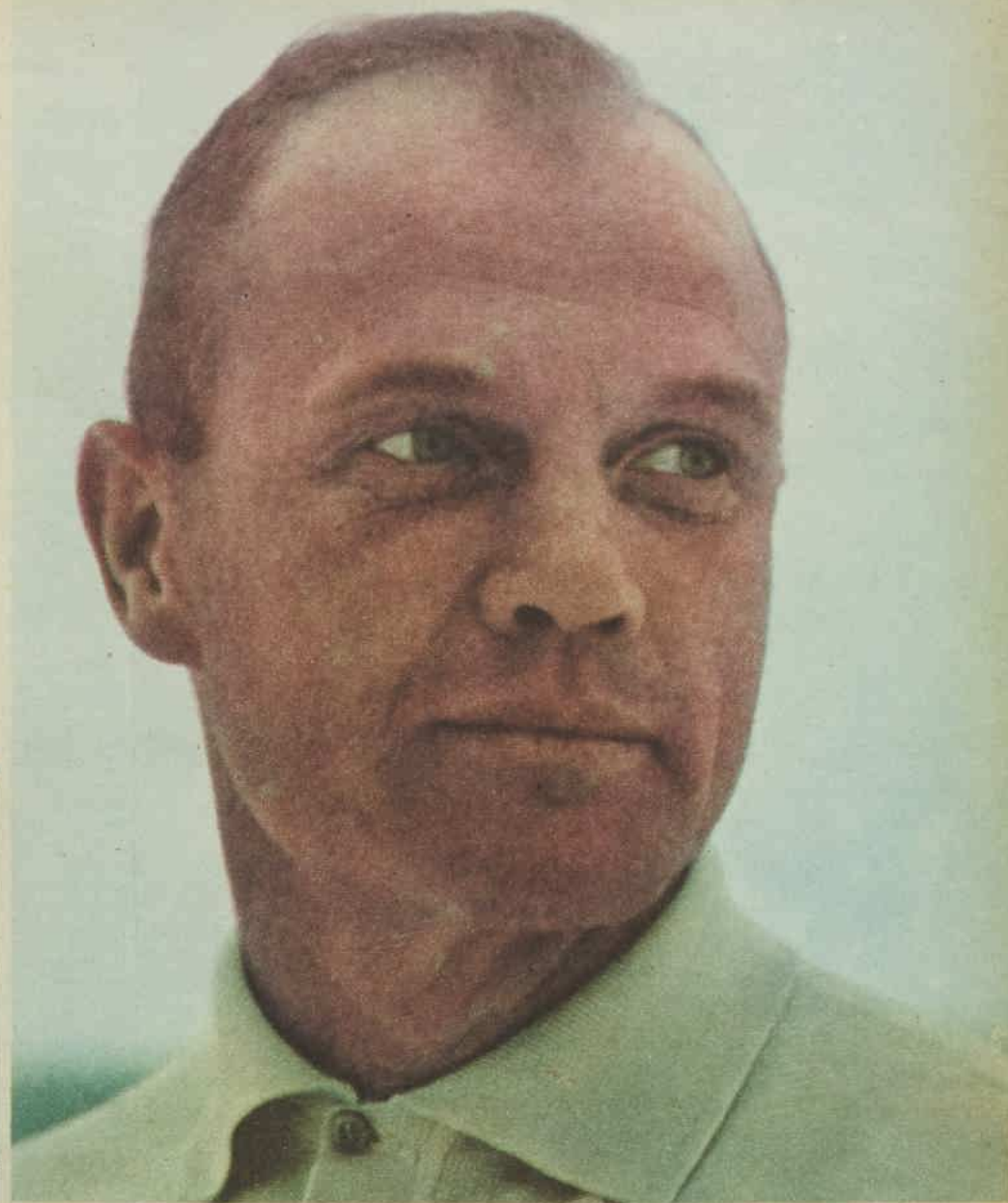
She is Miss Maud Edmondson, Camberwell, Vic., and her reminiscences of bosses would make quite a book.

Miss Edmondson, who says she has, on the whole, enjoyed her years as a secretary, has an extra hint to pass on:

"Never, never attempt to tidy up the boss' desk."

THE MAN WHO WAS A MOON

● When Lieut-Col. John H. Glenn was flung into the sky last week he became the first American, and the third human being, to orbit Earth as another moon, speeding through space in his capsule. It was a near-miracle of science, still almost incredible, but soon to be looked back on as a familiar achievement, just one of the early steps to man's conquest of the old moon.



ABOVE: Strong-nerved and with calm good looks, Glenn is the hero type of today. At 40 he's the oldest of the American team of seven fully trained astronauts.

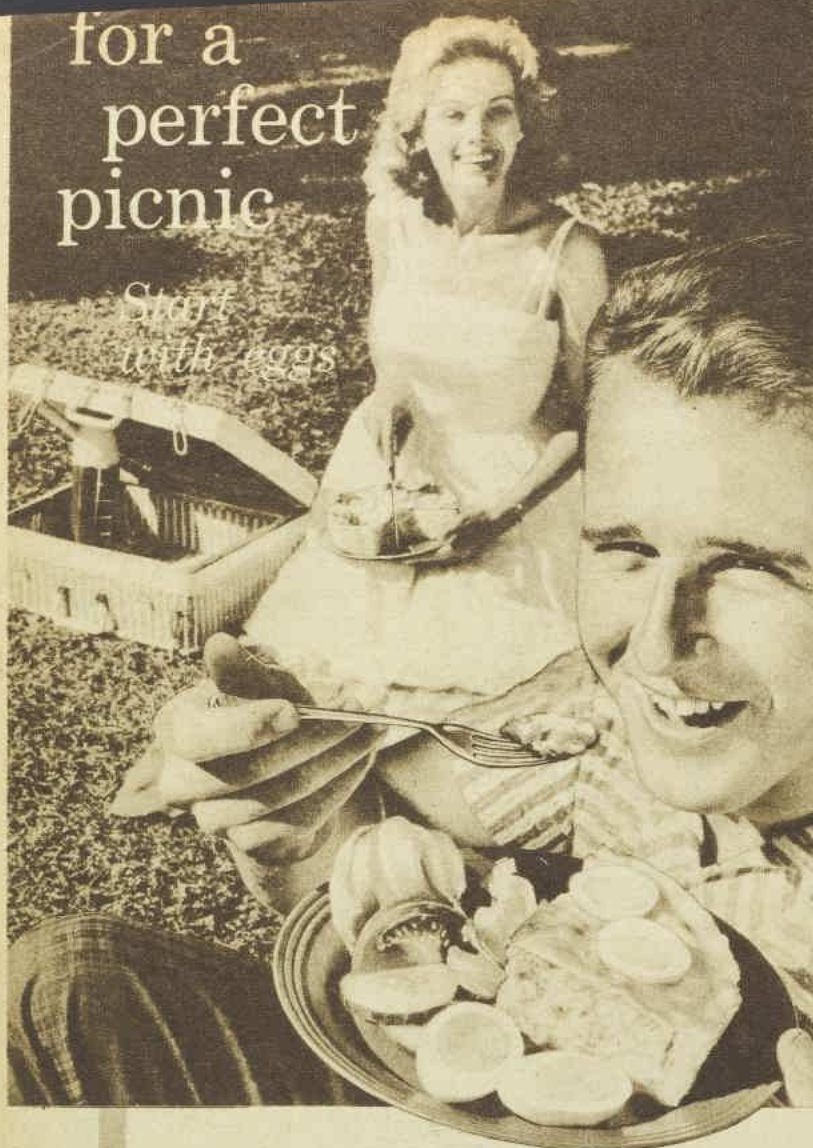
AT LEFT: He lies in his capsule, bathed in an eerie red light at the launching pad. The first man in orbit was Russia's Major Yuri Gagarin last April. The second, Russia's Major Gherman Titov, in August. Two Americans, Alan Shepard and Virgil Grissom, were each rocketed more than 100 miles above Earth but were not sent into orbit.

RIGHT: Colonel Glenn's family, 13-year-old daughter Lyn, wife Anna, and his 14-year-old son Dave.



for a
perfect
picnic

Start
with eggs



So many easy ways to use eggs, all so savoury-satisfying to keen outdoor appetites because eggs are packed with nourishment. Simple hard-boiled Sunrise Eggs are delicious. Whipped into Picnegg Pie they make the most scrumptious delicacy ever added to a salad. Economical, too!

PICNEGG PIE

Line a 9-inch pie plate with 6 ozs. of rich short-crust pastry. Fry 1 chopped onion and ½ lb. chopped bacon till cooked. Mix with 1 lb. cottage

cheese, sieved. Add 3 beaten eggs, 1 teaspoon prepared mustard, salt and pepper. Fill into the pie shell. Bake in moderate oven (350°) ¾ hour or until filling is firm. Serve cold in slices with salad. Enough for six.

**SUNRISE
EGGS** are good
mixers



Worth Reporting

ONCE the collector's bug bites you, there's nothing else for it but to keep coming back for more punishment, say two confirmed Sydney collectors.

Mrs. Shalom Coleman, of Rose Bay (N.S.W.), collects dolls. She has been collecting them for her 12-year-old daughter, Romaine, for nine years.

Some 250 dolls from all parts of the world now decorate Romaine's bedroom.

Hungarian-born Stephen Kellner, 70, concentrates, in his Bondi (N.S.W.) cottage and adjoining shop, on shells and the primitive art of the Australian and New Guinea native.

Mr. Kellner has been collecting for and supplying international museums and scientific institutions for the past ten years.

His current stock, awaiting shipment overseas, ranges from 6ft.-high carved ancestral figures, decorated Dutch New Guinea skulls, and ancient straight boomerangs to an Arnhem Land "bra" (a halter neck of twine to which are attached loops of twine).

In response to overseas inquiries, Mr. Kellner photographs objects in his home studio, pores over reference books, sends the dossier abroad.

He once supplied an American with a detailed description of three tons of Australian minerals.

His day begins at 5 a.m. He is a very busy collector.

And a very disappointed one. "It is a tragedy," he says, "that the best of our too few remaining examples of primitive art are leaving Australia to be lost to us for ever."

Mr. Kellner begs the average suburban householder to become a collector not only of primitive aboriginal art but of early Colonial Australian.

Once offered an old cedar sideboard filled with "musty old papers," he accepted (after seeing some of the papers). When he arrived to collect it he found the sellers had "burned the paper rubbish to clean it up for him."

"The papers were documents signed by Governor Phillip," he said sadly.

A MELBOURNE colleague found herself riding recently with a taxi-driver who had a grudge against woman-kind.

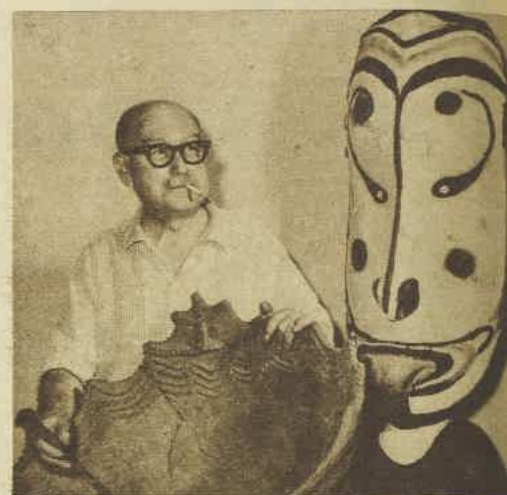
"You know how hot it's been lately, lady? Cab like an oven the entire time. The only time I get cool is when we're moving and I can get a bit of a breeze."

"Then these girls come in with their big fat hairdos—I had a bride and a bridesmaid last Sunday—and will they have the windows open? They will not. It might blow their hair about. So I've got to sit there and cook till they get out."

"And I can't stand the smell of the stuff they use to keep it in place."

"I tell you, I'll be glad when women go back to wearing their hair as God made it."

And that, we think, will be NEVER.



SEPIK (New Guinea) ancestral figure shares Collector Kellner's dining-table. The rare clay cooking pot is also from the artistic Sepiks.

Housewife's first novel

LURLINE BAY (N.S.W.) housewife Mrs. Frances Mulligan spent hours in Sydney's Mitchell Library researching the early history of N.S.W. to get background for her first attempt at novel-writing.

Now she has had her reward for all that work. English publishers Robert Hale will produce Mrs. Mulligan's novel under the title "The Touch of Jade" this month.

The novel is written under Mrs. Mulligan's maiden name, Lola Irish, which she considers a most appropriate name for a book on early N.S.W., "since the Irish were so predominant among the settlers."

In her house overlooking Lurline Bay, Mrs. Mulligan writes between housework.

She's busy on a second novel, for which she got the background on a recent 1300-mile journey through N.S.W.

BING CROSBY told recently how, in the 'thirties, he entered a radio contest called "Imitate Bing Crosby" under the name of Charlie Svensky. He came third.

Walking the sharks . . .

PEOPLE peering through the portholes of Manly's (N.S.W.) £100,000 oceanarium (it's to be built by a South African company this year) will see a skindiver doing his chores.

These include keeping the floor clean, scrubbing the algae from turtles' backs—and exercising sharks.

Said a Manly tourist bureau official: "The sharks will be a bit groggy in their new home and this is where the skindiver grabs them behind the gills and walks them around the oceanarium."

The first oceanarium in Australia and the sixth in the world, Manly's 20ft.-deep tank will be filled with 1500 different species of fish.

It will be used by trained scientists to carry out research on food, water, temperature, chemical constituents, and methods of catching fish.

BRITAIN'S Nancy Mitford wishes she'd never invented the U and non-U code.

The 57-year-old writer decreed six years ago that to be U it was necessary to say looking-glass, not mirror; table napkin, not serviette; and writing-paper, not notepaper.

"I started it as a joke with an article I wrote, and since then people have wrung it to death," she says. "I shall never write about it again."

Hairdresser on the wing

WITHIN a few months N.S.W. country women could be scanning the skies not only for a Flying Doctor and a Flying Dentist—but a Flying Hairdresser as well.

Sydney hairstylist William Chapman plans to fly his newly bought four-seater Cessna aeroplane stocked with equipment to tint, perm, cut, style, and set his country clients' hair before a big occasion.

The Cessna—registered "for sentimental reasons" under his wife's initials, M.E.C., Mary Elizabeth Chapman—cruises at 120 m.p.h.

Mr. Chapman has done the 270-mile trip from Sydney to Cootamundra in one and three-quarter hours, but "most trips will be overnight ones."

"I am allowed to fly only during daylight hours, and if I should have about 20 styles to set there wouldn't be time to return to Sydney," he said.

It's an idea the enterprising Mr. Chapman has toyed with for years when his country clients on city visits have sighed for "someone to come out home and do the bride's hair before the wedding."

He already has his country hairstyles planned.

"Modern straight styles are not really suitable for the country woman," he says. "The big shape that still looks nice when the set has fallen out is ideal."

ON view in London—a 24-carat gold bed. It's 5ft. wide, 6ft. 6in. long, has a virgin-wool mattress covered with gold pomegranate-patterned brocade and contains 1240 springs. Price £3000.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—March 7, 1962

Win a wedding dress

**Tell us the story
of your romance
—and win this
lovely wedding
dress and veil**

● Every girl's dream would come true with the exquisite dress worn at right by Debbie Reynolds in the Paramount film "The Pleasure of His Company."

PARAMOUNT PICTURES arranged for six copies of the dress and veil, created by famous designer Edith Head, to be sent to Australia from Hollywood.

They will be awarded—one in each Australian State—as prizes in our Wedding Dress Contest.

As well, the competitor whose entry is judged best of all received—the grand champion—will win a two weeks' honeymoon trip to Hayman Island.

This will include air travel for two from anywhere in Australia by Ansett-A.N.A., full accommodation at Hayman Island, and spending money.

Anyone can enter the contest. Even if you don't know a girl who is being married, you probably will quickly find a bride-to-be to give the dress and veil to.

How to enter

Write the story of your romance in not more than 300 words. Describe how you met the man — or woman — you are going to marry or have married.

You can tell us if it was love at first sight for you, or did it grow gradually? Did your path of true love run smoothly, or was it fraught with troubles?

Northern Territory entries will be judged with those of South Australia; A.C.T. entries with New South Wales.

The floor-length dress has a bolero-like bodice of exquisite lace mounted on tulle with a layered tulle skirt — the top layer decorated with applied lace motifs. The underskirt is of taffeta.

It is American size 9. Measurements in detail:

Bust 35in.
Waist 25in.
Length from shoulder to waist 16½in.
Length from waist to bottom edge of skirt 42in.

The dress could be shortened easily by cutting the tulle and net overskirts and re-hemming the taffeta underskirt.

The film "The Pleasure of His Company," in which Debbie Reynolds wears the dress as bride of handsome Tab Hunter, is a comedy based on the Broadway hit play which starred Australian Cyril Ritchard.

Set in San Francisco, the story tells of a globe-trotting playboy (Fred Astaire), who comes home for the first time in 15 years for his daughter's wedding.

He is divorced from Debbie's mother (Lilli Palmer).

The playboy is so charming that Debbie is in danger of finding her fiancé dull and being lured off on a world trip with her gay father.

In the film Debbie Reynolds wears 32 ensembles designed by Edith Head. Lilli Palmer, as the mother of the bride, has 23 outfits.

Contest rules

● Employees of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd. or of Paramount Pictures and members of their families are not eligible to enter the contest.

● The judges' decision will be final. No correspondence will be entered into.

● The results as published shall be final and binding on all competitors. All competitors agree as a condition of entry to accept such results as final and binding.

● Address entries "Wedding Dress," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

● Entries close on March 25, 1962.



LILY OF THE VALLEY holds in place the tulle veil worn by Debbie Reynolds with the beautiful white wedding dress in a scene from the film "The Pleasure Of His Company." A bolero-like bodice of exquisite lace mounted on tulle, with three-quarter-length sleeves, tops the layered tulle skirt, top layer of which is decorated with applied lace motifs. The underskirt is of taffeta. Debbie is with Fred Astaire, who plays the bride's father.

FAMILY GROUP in a scene from the film shows (from right) bridegroom Tab Hunter, mother of bride Lilli Palmer, the bride, and father of bride Fred Astaire, home for the first time in 15 years for his daughter's wedding. Paramount Pictures arranged for copies of Debbie's dress and veil to be flown to Australia as prizes in our Wedding Dress Contest.



The only
Virginia King Size Plain



WORLD COPYRIGHT

Mother of Prince's playmate to fly here

From DIANA GIBSON, in London

● The mother of a 12-year-old girl whom matchmakers consider a possible bride for Prince Charles in 10 years' time is scheduled to arrive in Australia next week.

TALL, fair Lady Euston, a close friend of Queen Elizabeth, is coming to Australia to join her husband, the Earl of Euston, who is to lecture here.

Lord Euston is heir to the Duke of Grafton. He and his wife, the former Fortune Smith, were married in 1946.

They have three children — James (Viscount Ipswich), 14, Lady Henrietta FitzRoy, 12, and Lady Virginia FitzRoy, 7.

For years the three children have been playmates of Prince Charles and Princess Anne, and it is Lady Henrietta whose name the matchmakers have coupled with Prince Charles'.

Lady Euston, who was appointed Lady of the Bedchamber to the Queen in 1953, has been granted special leave of absence to join her husband, who arrives in Sydney from New Zealand on March 2.

Lord Euston is one of the Queen's oldest friends and before her marriage to Prince Philip was rumored to be a suitor.

He is chairman of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, and will give a series of lectures in Australia under the auspices of the British Council.

Lady Euston is scheduled to arrive on March 5. She and her husband will visit Melbourne and Canberra, perhaps other capital cities. While in the Federal Capital, they will stay with the Governor-General and Viscountess De L'Isle at "Yarralumla."

Lady Euston hopes to see as much as possible of Australia. She has expressed the wish to see "upcountry Queensland."

Lord and Lady Euston also

will go to Grafton (named after the Grafton family) to stay with the Bishop of Grafton.

"I'm thrilled," said Lady Euston. "It's all so exciting. I'm so looking forward to seeing Australia."

Lord Euston is Prince Andrew's godfather. The Queen is godmother to his daughter Virginia.



● Queen Elizabeth holds her goddaughter, Lady Virginia FitzRoy, second daughter of the Earl and Countess of Euston (left), after the christening in 1954. The Eustons' other children, Viscount Ipswich and Lady Henrietta FitzRoy, are with Prince Charles and Princess Anne.

Lady Euston has been in Canada and Nigeria with the Queen and walked behind her at the Coronation.

When they were first married the Eustons lived in London. He worked as a house agent in a West End office. They now live in Cambridgeshire.

Lady Euston has been in close touch with the Queen during Prince Charles' illness

and operation. She worked as a nurse during the war at the Children's Hospital at Great Ormond Street, where Charles recently had his appendix out.

The Euston children, together with the Elphinstone children, have been the greatest and best-loved friends of Charles and Anne. They go often to tea at Buckingham Palace and attended most of Charles' birthday parties before he went to school.

The matchmakers are unable to decide which will be the most suitable Royal match in years to come: Charles and Henrietta or Anne and Viscount Ipswich, the Eustons' eldest son, now at Eton.

Certainly for years it has been a most happy childhood foursome.

The Eustons' younger daughter, Virginia, was a bridesmaid at Princess Margaret's wedding.

Lord Euston, who was nearly killed in a car crash in Scotland in 1937, has been pictured with the Queen at London film premieres. He is seen reposed, immaculate, and attentive on her right.

Lord Euston, like poet John Betjeman, has been involved in attempts to preserve the Doric arch outside London's Euston Station.

The arch was built in 1837 on land then owned by Lord Euston's family.

He made a personal appeal to the Prime Minister, Mr. Macmillan, and launched a fund to try to save the arch and lodges.



● Above: Vast stone entrance to Euston Station, London, over which controversy raged when it was announced it would have to be demolished to make way for reconstruction.

● Left: Lady Virginia, in 1960, looked wistful in her bridesmaid's dress after the wedding of Princess Margaret and Lord Snowdon.

● Next week

NEW SERIAL

by "Q" and

DAPHNE

DU MAURIER

● "Castle Dor," an enchanting new serial by "Q" and best-seller author Daphne du Maurier, begins in our next issue.

The "Q" stands for the late Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, Professor of Literature at Cambridge University, who died before the book was half finished.

Daphne du Maurier took it from there. The result: A wonderful story of an old legend — Tristan and Isolt — re-created in the 1860s in Cornwall, a setting Miss du Maurier made famous in "Rebecca" and "Frenchman's Creek."

Don't miss the first instalment of "Castle Dor" next week.

● Fashions in the shops

Three pages of pictures show the fashions available in the shops for autumn-winter, 1962. Some of the designs are imported, some made in Australia. Together they give a comprehensive preview of the clothes from which you can choose when you go to buy your new-season outfit.

● Something different for dinner — 4-page section

For when you feel the family meal is getting too routine. Recipes for different meat courses and desserts in a four-page color-illustrated pull-out to add to your cookery files.

● Home and Family

A reader whose "perfect trousseau" of two years ago is still cluttering her wardrobe has hints for girls now buying theirs. A mother's story: Help the "duds" at school sports.

Child care: How to deal with a "little demon."

● Problem plants

Expert advice on the care of plants that are a disappointment to gardeners who don't understand their soil, drainage, or position needs.

AUSTRALIA LEADS AMERICA ENGLAND

... *the* **WORLD**



in the war against disease-carrying flies

Mortein Plus, the most powerful household insect spray in the world—and the safest to use—has been scientifically developed in Australia by Australians.

The capital invested in the preparation and marketing of Mortein Plus is Australian capital. Mortein Plus is wholly Australian made.

Here, then, are some facts of which Australians may well be proud:

In no country on earth, regardless of population, do the sales of any similar insect spray equal the sales of Mortein Plus in Australia.

In Australia, Mortein Plus outsells all other insect sprays combined by 4 to 1.

To-day, Mortein Plus protects 4 out of every 5 Australian homes against flies and other insect pests. In no other country of the world is any individual insect spray trusted to anywhere near this extent.

Despite fluctuating costs of materials and production, the manufacturers of Mortein Plus have never at any time

"watered down" their product. They have always maintained the high quality for which Mortein Plus is famous. This they have been able to do at exceptionally low prices because more and more Australian housewives insist on buying only Mortein Plus.

Every ingredient of Mortein Plus is an insect-killing ingredient and Mortein Plus contains 180% more pyrethrins (which are rare and costly) than the high AA grade American flysprays.

Mortein Plus is acknowledged by leading authorities overseas to be the most effective household insect spray.

The plain fact is that Mortein kills flies and all insect pests with more speed and certainty than any other spray known.

It is for this reason that Mortein is respected, trusted and used throughout the length and breadth of the Commonwealth.

Australians recognise Mortein as the really good spray. They also recognise the wise, old national principle—"When you're on a good thing, stick to it!"

**MORE AND MORE PEOPLE SAVE MORE MONEY
BY BUYING MORTEIN IN THE LARGER SIZES**

THE OVERLANDERS COME HOME

By MARJORIE STAPLETON

● They've had six months on the road sleeping under the stars. Freckled and sunburnt, proud and independent, they are third, fourth, and fifth generation drovers, and the open road is no novelty to them.

FOR six months Mr. and Mrs. Jim Crummy and their family have been slogging slowly over the 1200-mile route from Birdsville to Brisbane, averaging 12 miles a day.

They were at Esk when I met them with only 60 miles to cover on the last lap of their marathon journey by wagonette, spring-cart, and horseback — quite a jaunt in this jet age.

Their destination is their small farm at Kingston, 18 miles from Brisbane, where they will settle down and start a riding-school.

Mr. Crummy is 65. His grandfather drove 1500 head of cattle from Gladstone to Thargomindah, Qld., in 1873, and men of the family have been droving ever since.

But on this long trek Mr. Crummy has been accompanied by his wife, Alma, 59, daughter Judith, 14, and grandchildren Ronnie, 3, and Wally, 14 months.

Also by 23 fowls, 16 horses, and five dogs!

"You might say that Judy is the fourth generation of drovers after this effort, and the little boys are the fifth," said Mr. Crummy.

Whip-master

Ronnie travels with grandma in the spring-cart and little Wally sits in state in his push-chair beside grandpa in the wagonette grandpa built.

Judy, whose hair is like burnished copper, her voice soft and pretty, is the official teamster of the family, in charge of all the horses.

Three horses pull the heavy wagon, one pulls the spring-cart, and Judy rides behind on another. The other horses amble behind the "wagon train," with Judy as whip-master. She can crack a stockwhip like an old hand.

"I rarely use the whip," said Judy. "Four of the horses wear cowbells, and the rest stay close at hand. We don't need to be fenced in at night. The horses keep together, and I sleep with one eye on them."

The fowls travel in a big coop on the wagon, and the dogs trot alongside the horses, occasionally cadging a lift in the spring-cart.

Sometimes the entourage has had to rest a few days because of a sick or footsore

horse or a puncture of the pneumatic tyres. Sometimes Mr. Crummy has had to shoe a horse by the wayside.

"I saw you write down the words 'wagon train,'" Mr. Crummy smiled. "Don't want to spoil your story, but please don't use 'on the trail' or 'backboard' or 'corral' or anything like that, will you?"

"We stockmen simply call this a route — pronounced rowt. We have a good language of our own in the outback, and we're as Australian as they make 'em."

"I suppose we look rather bedraggled by now," Mrs.

time we reach Kingston we will have been 26 weeks or more actually on the route, averaging 10 or 12 miles a day, sometimes a bit more."

"The worst part was crossing the Crows' Nest Mountain behind Esk," Judy sighed. "It took us nearly a fortnight to get across."

"The horses puffed up the hill, but coming down was worse. The horses had to plant their feet firmly and press backwards to hold the waggons, which were pushing against their rumps."

"Every now and then we had to spell them and let them lean back hard against the waggons. I suppose a car would do the journey in a few minutes, but we averaged about a mile an hour."

Many trophies

After this arduous climb and descent the family rested a few days in a cattle-holding paddock belonging to an Esk farmer.

The farmer lent them his stables and a 10-acre grassy paddock to graze the horses. The family preferred to sleep, as usual, near their waggons.

Much as photographer Reg Williams and I longed to see the cavalcade in motion, it was too much to ask them to harness the horses, couple the wagon, confine the hens, and call the dogs away from their bird-chasing.

Ronnie and Wally were rolling over and over in the grass, dancing under a cool water tap, and trotting after the little foal which was born on the route.

Ronnie and Wally are the sons of Judy's elder sister, who has stayed behind in the west for the time being.

Mrs. Crummy said ruefully that she must soon train herself again to electric irons and formal meals.

With a husband who has been droving since the age of 12, she can adapt to any mode of living.

Judith (who could ride before she could walk), with her 43 riding ribbons won in western shows, should be a champion teacher. We hoped that her first glimpse of a big city would not disillusion her.

When we were saying goodbye, Mr. Crummy said:

"If you're really going to publish this, I wish you'd put in my appreciation of the stock inspectors on the route."

"They've all given me information about the best roads, camping reserves, and so forth, how to avoid heavy traffic, and have made life as civilised as possible for us."



MAP shows the route of the six months' journey.

Crummy said. "But we are quite independent. We've never asked for a thing to eat or drink. Just the same, we have found hospitality offered us too nicely to refuse."

"The back of the wagon forms a table. We always have a tablecloth, but I won't say we dress for dinner," she laughed.

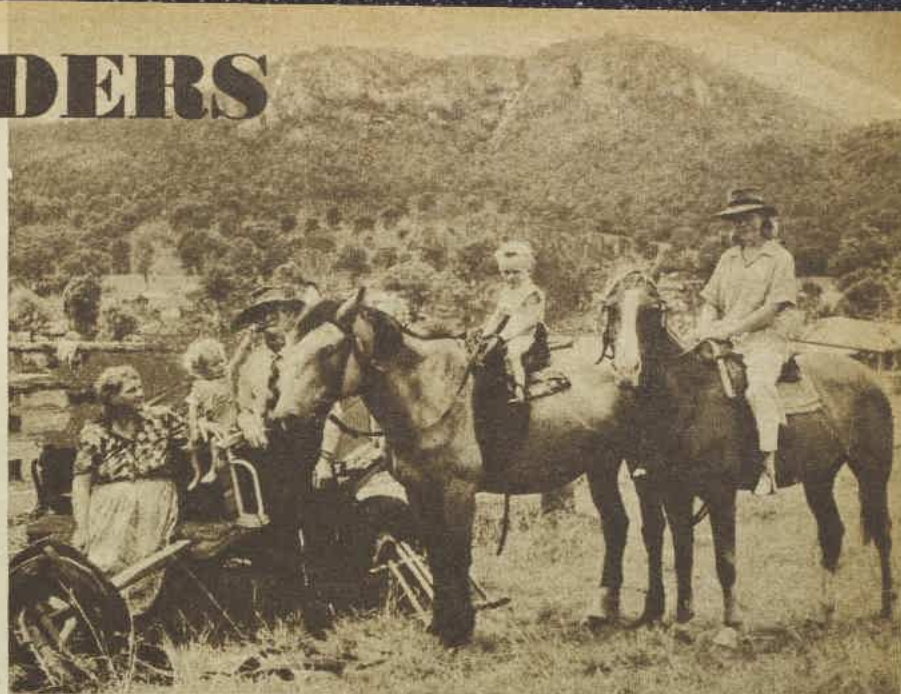
"We carry iron bed-frames and spring mattresses, but no chairs. Upright buckets or boxes serve the purpose. Everything has to do double duty."

Riding school

Mr. Crummy continued their story: "We have a small property at Kingston, 18 miles south of Brisbane, on the Southport road. That's where we're heading."

"We intend to start a riding school there, and these are the horses we will use. All tame, and bred and broken in the west."

"We broke our journey for a while in Charleville. By the



● Mr. Jim Crummy with his wife, Alma, daughter Judith, grandchildren Wally, 14 months, and Ronnie, 3 years, in a paddock at Esk.

Warning issued on polio

POLIOMYELITIS in New South Wales in the past six months has reached epidemic proportions.

For the first six months of 1961 the number of cases was six (one death).

For the second six months the figure was 163 cases, including 13 deaths.

Figures for the first EIGHT WEEKS of 1962 are 135 cases (four deaths).

Vaccination against the disease is the only satisfactory solution to the problem.

Dr. E. S. A. Meyers, Director of State Health Services for New South Wales, answered the following questions by staff reporter Winifred Munday:

Q: Many people believe that polio vaccinations are necessary only for children and young adults. Is there a "safe age"?

A: A person is less likely to catch the disease after 40, but several cases of people in their forties contracting polio have been reported. A patient now in Prince Henry Hospital is 51.

When adults get polio the attack is usually very severe. Last year one in five of the over-20 victims died.

Q: Is it possible to be a "carrier" without feeling ill?

A: It certainly is. For every confirmed case of polio there are at least a hundred carriers. You may be passing the disease to others and yet feel perfectly well.

Everyone, regardless of age, is likely to come in contact with the virus, and therefore everyone should be vaccinated to get protection.

Polio could be reduced to nothing if every person was immunised.

Q: Where can vaccination be obtained and what does it cost?

A: The State Health Dept. will inject people of any age free at the Vaccination Centre at 697 George Street (near Central Station) without an appointment. Most local councils also arrange clinics (apply at the council chambers). Vaccination may also be arranged through your family doctor.

Q: How many injections must one have for complete protection?

A: Three; the first and second within one month of each other, the third from seven to 12 months after the second.

However, it is possible to have the third injection any time after the second

one. If anyone has had only two injections, say two or three years ago, they do not have to start again.

Q: What other preventive steps can be taken?

A: Do not allow a child to become chilled or over-tired. When polio is present in the community the safest place for a child is in his usual surroundings, at home, school, and play. Keep him away from crowded public places.

The highest standard of personal hygiene is essential, clean hands being the most important. Hands must be washed thoroughly before meals, before handling food, and after every visit to the toilet. The virus apparently enters the body by the nose or mouth.

Protect food from flies and dust. Peel or wash all raw fruit and vegetables. Boil all water before use unless it comes from a reliable public supply. Sydney water is safe.

Do not allow children to swim or play in water which may be contaminated by sewage or garbage.

Q: What are the early symptoms?

A: Earliest ones are loss of appetite, headache, irritability, fever, and sometimes vomiting.

Pain and stiffness in the back of the neck and muscular pain, tenderness, or weakness are usually not apparent for a few days.

Bed is the best place for a sick child, especially when polio is about. The greater the amount of physical activity early in the illness, the greater the risk of severe paralysis.

Q: Is the injection painful?

A: It is painless. But this is an important point. The vaccine takes time to act in the body and is, therefore, useless in combating an attack which may have started before the vaccine was given. Vaccine is useful only in preventing an attack. It is not used in the treatment of the disease.

The danger of poliomyelitis can never be over-emphasised. It is difficult to diagnose, extremely hard to treat, and its shocking after-effects have made it the most frightening of all the common infectious diseases.

DIOR goes square



● New square silhouette is clearly defined in this two-piece suit made in lime-yellow wool. Trouser seaming squares up jacket and short-cut skirt.



● Trouser pleats are a feature of the wool ensemble above. The belt, resting on the hip-line, is typical of the fashions shown in the Dior spring collection. Note black beret in coarse straw, topped with a tassel of pearls.

Spring collection is new triumph for...

FILLING the air with fresh excitement, Maison Dior showed a spring collection sizzling with new ideas and chic. Dior designer Marc Bohan, whose flared collection set the buyers scrambling last season, has hit the jackpot for the second time in six months. The Bohan look for spring is square.

With this new square line, Bohan stole a march on the rest of the Paris designers, who mainly glorified the flares of the previous season.

Eight different versions of the square silhouette were shown in the Dior collection.

The new silhouette could quite easily prove the most exciting since the 1947 New Look. The change in shape is certainly not as dramatic as in 1947, but in a more subtle way it could have just as significant an impact on the next few seasons.

I predict this because the square look is classic, tailored, and clean cut—and a fashion with these qualities is often lasting.

Broadly speaking, the square look is developed by two squares—a square top and square skirt, both units further emphasised by trouser seaming and tucks.

Most times the top rests on the hips; sometimes it is belted. The hemline remains short.

In direct contrast to the Bohan squares are his deliciously feminine after-five frou-frou dresses. In a



● Vivid orange wool suit (above, left) has a square skirt, with front and back panels stiffened and outlined with a ridged tuck. The jacket, double-edged and double-breasted, fits snugly on a low hipline. The cravat is news.

● Short-skirted stiff white satin evening dress with a panelled skirt marked with four seamed trouser creases. The shaped bodice moulds the hips.



● The feminine look as portrayed by designer Bohan in the Dior collection. The dress is made in navy-blue organza trimmed with crisp little ruffles. At Dior, navy-blue has replaced black for after-five and later.

Marc Bohan

period when the twist has fans in every age-bracket, the frou-frou look is a natural.

After dark Paris is all wound up in a ruffle—and no designer shows one with more drama than Marc Bohan. His ruffled floor-length black organza stole worn with a low-belted white-satin evening dress is romantic enough to set every woman dreaming.

Other points of interest from the collection include black chiffon cravats worn with brightly colored wool suits, colored beads worn with colored dresses, satin hair-bandeaus worn low on the forehead, natty black-and-white checks, and strapped shoes.

Yellow in all shades is the new Dior daytime color.

Bohan, by producing a highly successful collection, has answered the most dramatic challenge of his career.

The challenge? To top his former boss and Dior's former wonder-boy Yves Saint-Laurent and thus save Maison Dior from the embarrassment of having backed the wrong horse.

Saint-Laurent has opened his own small exclusive fashion-house on Rue Francois. In spite of reports from Paris of the terrific support Saint-Laurent has received from American buyers, Dior still stands for the greatest name in fashion.

—BETTY KEEP

Wool fashions for autumn, pages 19 to 25.

Dior's autumn skating skirt repeated by other top designers for spring

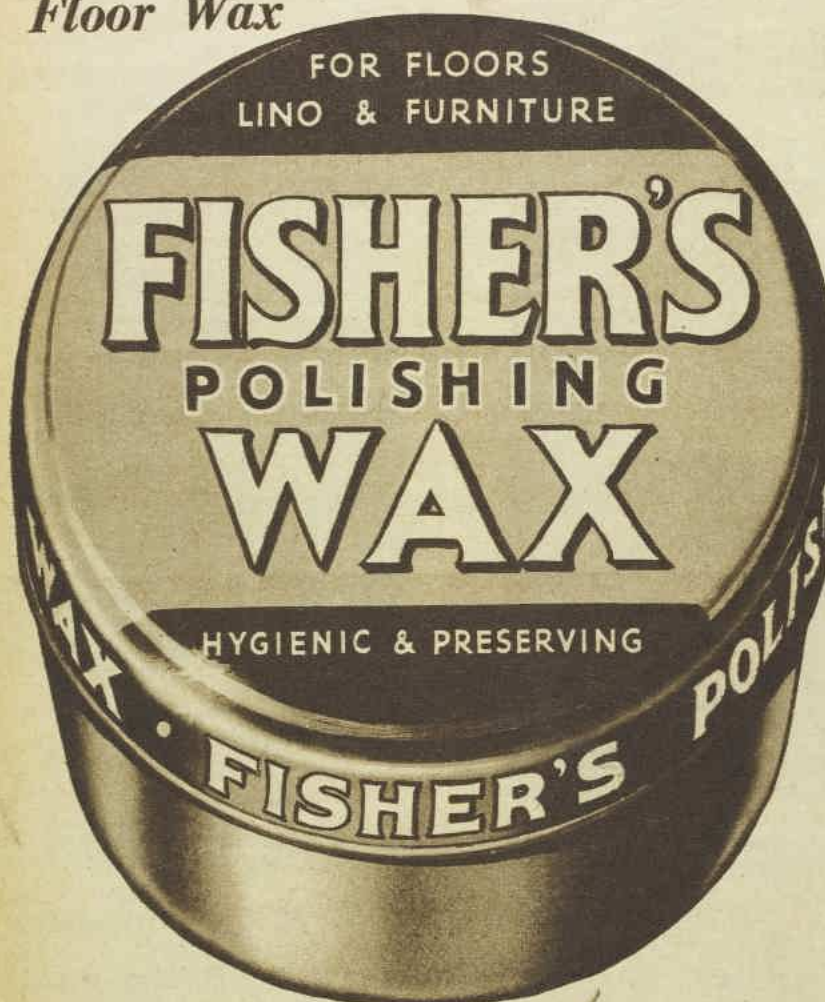


● Above, left, the suit with an ice-skater skirt and short nippy jacket launched by Bohan in Dior's last season's collection. The same line (right) repeated by designer Jules Grabay in the current Ricci collection.



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It's best value by far.

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For lighter work — brighter shine

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For all dark woodwork

FISHER'S LIQUID POLISHING WAX

Cleans as it polishes



Mary COLES' SOCIAL

THE Governor-General, Lord De L'Isle, Commodore of the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron, and Lady De L'Isle will attend the naming by Dame Pattie Menzies of the Australian challenger for the America's Cup.

The challenger's name will be announced at a 5 p.m. ceremony at the squadron, when Dame Pattie breaks a bottle of Australian champagne tied with blue and white ribbons (the squadron's colors) against the yacht's bow.

The lovely 12-metre vessel, with its sleek white hull and pale blue deck, will then unfurl her distinctive "Aussie blue" sails and parade her shapely lines cruising in front of the squadron.

Afterwards, more than two hundred guests will adjourn to the clubhouse for cocktails and drink a toast to her success in the famous blue water yachting classic, to be raced off Long Island Sound, New York, in September.

Guests who have been invited to the function by the Australian America's Cup Challenge Association include the Lord Mayor, Alderman H. F. Jensen, and Mrs. Jensen, the United States Consul-General, Mr. Laurence C. Vass, and Mrs. Vass, Major-General the Rev. C. A. Osborne and Mrs. Osborne, Sir Charles Bickerton Blackburn, Sir Alan and Lady Potter, Dr. and Mrs. Rex Money, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Dickson, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. N. Foley, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Walkley, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Jones, Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Turner, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Northam, Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Leonard, Mr. and Mrs. Lennox Bode, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Baillieu, Mr. Frank Livingston, and Mr. John Livingston, who will fly from Melbourne for the exciting event.

CURTAIN-RAISER to the Pied Piper Ball, traditionally held on the last Friday in June, will be a dinner dance and fashion parade at the Pickwick Club on March 7.

I HEAR Mrs. Ted Moors (formerly Fran Purcell) is loving England — particularly Yorkshire — where her husband, Flight-Lieut. Ted Moors, is doing a special jet course at the R.A.F. station at Leeming. They have very comfortable, wonderfully heated quarters, and Fran hasn't been a bit concerned by the cold. Two of their first visitors at Leeming were Dr. Bruce Shepherd and his wife, Annette, who motored up from London for the weekend with them.

THE sweetest, colonial style, pink weather-board cottage (with seven rooms) has been built about a mile from the homestead at "Matavai" for John Hill and his bride, Virginia. It has a sweeping view across the Nepean River flats to the Blue Mountains. Virginia has chosen lovely antique furnishings, including some beautiful pieces imported from England by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James M. Brown, of Bellevue Hill, as a wedding gift to the young couple. John is the son of Mrs. John Crace, of "Matavai," Cobbitty, and the late Mr. Wentworth Hill.

LOVED the admission of Mrs. G. L. Puri, wife of the Indian Trade Commissioner, when an acquaintance, admiring her elegant national dress at a recent party, asked how she managed to cope with household chores in a sari? Mrs. Puri smilingly confided that at home she works in slacks!

AFTER several weeks in Sydney, the Hon. Julia Stonor (Lord Camoys' attractive, dark-haired granddaughter) is sailing this week in the Himalaya for the Far East and India, where she wants to scale at least the bottom rung of Mt. Everest. En route to Australia she made an eight months' stopover in New York — working as a salesgirl in the silverware department at Tiffanys. She says meeting the cross-section of terribly rich customers who flocked there was a fabulous experience. She did a similar job in London, working in the bound-books section at Aspreys — London's equally famous jewellery establishment in Bond St.

SUCH a lovely emerald-and-diamond ring set the seal on the engagement of Ian Hamilton, of "Morven," Gurlley, and Gwendolene Boydell. They plan to wed next year. Gwendolene is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Boydell, of "Cooma," Moree.

PENELOPE WYNDHAM and David Cameron have a sentimental reason for choosing March 29 for their wedding at the Scots College Chapel. The date will be the fourth anniversary of the evening they first met as students at Sydney University. Penelope, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Heathcote Wyndham, of Gunnedah, will be attended by her schoolgirl sister Annabel and Sonya Saywell, of "Borambil Park," Quirindi. Arthur Johnson and Dr. Charles Sharpe will be best man and groomsmen to David, who is the son of Mrs. Ronald Cameron, of Elizabeth Bay, and the late Mr. Cameron.

FROM England comes news of the wedding of Moira Ellis and London dentist Victor de la Fontaine. They're now honeymooning in Majorca, "thawing out" after the deep freeze in Britain. Moira, who is the daughter of Mrs. Laurence Ellis, of Double Bay, and the late Dr. Ellis, has been abroad for about twelve months doing a job with the Commonwealth Relations Office in London.

LOVELY arrangement of flowers delivered to the Theatre Royal for Pauline Garrick, who sings the role of the rose-seller in the captivating musical "Oliver!", came from her mother, Australia's former famous songbird Stella Wilson. Since her retirement from the stage, Stella has been official hostess at Australia House, in London.



JUST WED. Mr. Paul Hookway and his bride, formerly Miss Judy Jordan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Jordan, of "Broadmeadows," Glen Innes, leaving St. Cuthbert's Church, Elizabeth Bay, for reception at the Wentworth Hotel.

ROUNDAABOUT



COLORFUL PARADE. From left, Miss Jyotikama Ray, Mrs. Bimla Mathur, and Mrs. K. A. Kini, modelling lovely saris, were admired by Mrs. Alma Mellick, Miss Gloria Thompson, Mrs. Fred Groth, Mrs. Rudi Stroek, and Mrs. G. L. Puri and her little daughter, Purnima. The parade was a highlight of the luncheon at Mrs. Puri's home at Double Bay to aid the United Nations Freedom from Hunger Appeal.



PRETTY WEDDING. Mr. David Douglas and his bride, formerly Miss Lindsay Swan, leaving Shore College Chapel with the bridegroom's small niece, Susan Craer, who was a flowergirl at the ceremony. Mr. Douglas is the son of Brigadier and Mrs. W. H. Douglas, of Pymble. His bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Swan, of Clifton Gardens, who later entertained at a reception at the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron.



HONORARY aide-de-camp to the Governor, Sir Eric Woodward, Captain Gerry Salom, R.A.A., and Miss Lynne Morgan have just announced their engagement. Miss Morgan, who is private secretary to Lady Woodward, is the only daughter of Mrs. A. E. L. Morgan and the late Brigadier Morgan.



NEW Consul-General for Israel, Mr. N. Astar, and his wife (couple on right) with the Commercial Attache for Israel, Mr. O. Sharef, and Mrs. Sharef at cocktail party they gave in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Astar at their home at Double Bay.



AT RIGHT: Mrs. Lloyd Martin and Mrs. John Carroll (centre) with English playwright Mr. John Kerr at the gala first night of the "Golden Days" revue at the Tivoli Theatre.



"Separate countries, please!"



"And I love you, too . . . what do you want?"

It seems to me

ONE morning at boarding school, a hundred years ago, another girl and I compared notes and announced to our table mates that there was kerosene in the porridge.

The rumor spread like wild-fire from table to table. Boarders dearly love a fuss about food.

"You are naughty little girls," said the matron later, knowing well that "little" was the most cutting term possible to use to 15-year-olds. "There was nothing wrong with that porridge and now it has all gone to waste."

"But, Miss Blank, it would have been gone anyhow," I said.

"And impertinent as well," said the matron crossly.

She was quite right. I sympathise with her now, and I recall the story only because it fits in with this year's Sydney summer.

It's not much use grumbling any more about that long procession of rainy weekends, gales, storms, and chilly spells.

In a week or two summer would have been gone, anyhow, so we may as well stop mourning it.

THINKING about that porridge reminded me of how happily we used to stow away carbohydrates with never a thought for our figures.

Nearly all of us, after porridge and scrambled eggs, ate two or three rounds of bread and butter and marmalade.

We might have gone even further, but an unwritten law, enforced by public opinion, decreed that two slices were elegant, three permissible, and four rather hoggish.

In general I am not given to looking back wistfully on the past, but that lack of worry about eating a 700-calorie breakfast makes me compare our youthful selves to some happy band of island natives who had never heard of war.

Only a few years later I discovered the magic to be wrought by starvation, and life, especially breakfast, was changed for ever.

DID you stay up all night with Colonel Glenn?

Well, not all night. Probably, like most people on the dark side of the world, you went to sleep once he was safely into orbit.

Those last minutes of the countdown were so tense that they were almost unbearable. I wanted to switch off the radio. Then, curiously, the words "Zero, ignition, blast-off" were almost an anticlimax. Of course he was going to be all right.

That commentary on the direct broadcast nearly spoiled the last few dramatic minutes before take-off. Why the commentator had to go on vaporizing, drowning out the voices of those doing the real job, goodness knows.

One should, no doubt, be charitable. Probably the man was so excited himself that he couldn't bear the pauses. But I hope someone tells him before next time.

By



Dorothy Drann

NEW SOUTH WALES goes to the polls this week after one of the liveliest campaigns for many years.

It was a smart move by the Liberal Party to come out in favor of legal off-course betting.

There are, of course, plenty of people who are opposed to it, but the Labor Party, having tolerated illegal betting for uncounted years, and having conducted Government lotteries, can hardly claim to be against gambling.

There are some powerful arguments in favor of legalising off-course betting, one of the strongest being that the Government may as well have the revenue from tax.

One of the weakest is that making off-course betting legal will lead to less gambling.

That strikes me as an ill-advised attempt to keep a foot in both camps. There might be not much more gambling, but I cannot for the world see that there would be any less.

THIS, our fashion issue, is a reminder that it is time to start thinking about winter clothes.

At this moment one should be in the shops, prowling round among the newly opened woolies, instead of waiting for that first cold day when the cardigans and sweaters will be scrambled into frantic heaps all over the tables.

Eventually a store will use its air-conditioning to real advantage, sending frozen blasts through the new season's displays and wafting hot air round the summer leftovers.

REFLECTIONS after reading an advertisement for a radio station publicising its breakfast announcer as the brightest on the air.

Are you quite sure that brightness is the shot?

Perhaps you're right. And then, perhaps you're not.

Look round the faces, sir, within this bus—

An average lot of scowlers, sir, that's us; The early morning is a touchy thing. I understand that, in the bush, birds sing. Birds do not stay up late. A bird at seven. Is revved up like we are around eleven. We'd recommend the manner to assume As not depressed, not sunk in utter gloom, But non-committal, not too madly bright, Few words and quiet music, sweet and light.

You could, if you're a tactful sort of bloke,

Utter perhaps one mildly funny joke, But at this hour, when few have reached their prime,

Best keep on (softly) telling us the time.

After You've SEARCHED the whole world

you'll find Australian-made INGOLA the best family fabric that money can buy. Its exact blend of wool and cotton ★ gives warmth without weight ★ protects from sudden chills ★ won't shrink or fade ★ washable ★ wears and wears. Refuse substitutes; make sure it's INGOLA. Priced at only **16/11** a yard at stores everywhere.

Ingola

Look for the label on quality ready-mades . . . slumberwear, toddlers' and babies' wear, shirts, blouses.

151,143

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SHADES

Pumpkin orange, brown, frosty green, pearly pink, frosty blue, black, red, top, blonde, auburn, chestnut, frosty white, gold and silver.
SPRAY ON COLOUR — SHAMPOO OUT
— no stickiness either!
Now, it's so simple to add that temporary colour streak or touch to your natural hair colouring . . . the action or your make-up can tell you the colour to choose. And for countless applications it costs as little as **17/6**



Another famous hair cosmetic from Nestle-Le-Mur Co., New York. U.S.A. From your chemist or leading druggist.

Snow games for Grace's family

● Princess Grace of Monaco and her children—Caroline, five, and Albert (four on March 14)—enjoyed a winter holiday in their chalet at the resort of Gstaad, Switzerland. Prince Rainier was not able to share the first few days of the family holiday — he became ill as soon as he arrived. Princess Grace, who has been learning to ski, spoke English to her children, who tried, not very successfully (below, right), to throw snowballs at the photographers who took these pictures.



● Princess Grace (above) checks to see that the children are safely tucked in before having a sled-ride.

● Caroline (below), anxious to get her holiday started, leads out a horse for a sleigh-ride while Grace watches.



THE AUSTRALIAN WEEKLY — March 7, 1962



● Princess Grace and her children, Albert and Caroline, at Gstaad ski resort in Switzerland, where the family have a chalet. Grace wore a yellow jumper—the Monaco color—and black slacks.



But no snowballs

● Albert (left) is effectively restrained by a nurse, but Caroline has a determined look as she makes snowballs to throw at photographers. The battle is lost, however, as the vigilant nurse (right) takes a reluctant Caroline indoors.



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and costs so much less
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extra creamy
**CARAMEL
SAUCE**



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Melt 1 level tablespoon of butter and 1 cup brown sugar in a saucepan on low heat.
Add one 4oz. tin of delicious Nestle's Reduced Cream and stir in well until the cream
has dissolved. So easy! So economical! And it keeps in your refrigerator. Country-
style Nestle's Reduced Cream - ready whenever you need it - in 2 handy sizes . . . so
wonderful for so many dishes.

Recipe leaflets everywhere.



As TV goes to
the country . . .

NEWCASTLE LEADS WAY

● If goodwill, enthusiasm, and excited anticipation were electricity, Newcastle's new TV channel could go on the air tomorrow without power.

THE new station, NBN, Channel 3, scheduled to start telecasting on Sunday, March 4, is the first big step in the advance of television in N.S.W. since the opening of the Sydney channels more than five years ago.

The people of Newcastle are looking forward to having their own TV channel.

There is a spontaneous and constant beam of goodwill pouring into the new studios in Newcastle's Mosby Crescent in messages, letters, and telegrams.

I got caught up in the enthusiasm myself last week when I walked down Hunter Street, Newcastle's main street, with NBN executive, production manager Matt Tapp.

People kept coming up to Matt and wishing him good luck for Channel 3.

"I can't walk down Hunter Street these days without people stopping me this way," he said. "Their goodwill is terrific. It helps us all at Channel 3."

Being from Sydney, a city that prides itself on not getting excited about anything, I found it all a bit unreal.

It was real, all right. The same thing happens to anyone and everyone who works at Channel 3.

Channel 3, unofficially, is the first of the N.S.W. country

stations to open, but it is really a provincial channel, serving its own thriving city and the outer country areas.

Since Channel 3 started sending out its test pattern on February 16, the volume of letters from viewers-to-be has increased.

I saw many from the city of Newcastle itself, some from the Sydney suburban area, but the ones that excited me were from the country areas where TV has been only a dream for so long.

There were letters from Port Macquarie, from Taree, and

By NAN
MUSGROVE

Wingham in the north, from the sheep and cattle country round Murrumbidgee and Quirindi, and from towns in the rich Hunter River Valley, Maitland, Singleton, and Muswellbrook.

Channel 3's transmitting mast on Great Sugarloaf Mountain, 19.8 miles due west of Newcastle, is the most popular Sunday drive in the district at present.

The mast's situation was chosen as the best in the area by the Broadcasting Control Board. When a National Channel begins transmitting from Newcastle next year, its



MODERN STUDIOS of Newcastle's Channel 3 are only about a mile from Newcastle Railway Station. Channel 3's transmitting mast (at right) is on Great Sugarloaf Mountain, due west of Newcastle. Climbing the pinnacle to see the mast is now Newcastle's favorite Sunday sport.

mast will also be built on Great Sugarloaf.

Chief Engineer of Channel 3, Ken Greenhalgh, tells me that for the first time in history there are Sunday traffic jams on Great Sugarloaf.

The mast is built on a level 135 feet below the pinnacle of Great Sugarloaf, and soars up 450 feet from its base. It is 1635 feet above sea level (to start a bit of inter-city rivalry, Sydney's masts at Gore Hill are only 850 feet above sea level).

Like all Australia's TV towers, NBN, Channel 3's mast will be painted in 20ft-wide alternating bands of white and "international orange" specified by international civil aviation to make them visible to aircraft during daylight.

It will have as aviation warning lights a flashing red beacon on top, and identical bands of fixed red lights at intervals on the way down.

As the crow flies, it is 14.4 miles from Great Sugarloaf to the modern air-conditioned studio buildings that nestle in a little valley close to the foot of Obelisk Hill.

Modern studios

The studios look like three gigantic children's blocks, in graduating sizes, two of wood and one of glass, set down one in front of the other.

Outside the studios are off-white and charcoal-grey; inside oyster-grey and white. The ultra-modern furnishings and the clever combination of color—avocado-green, scarlet, and turquoise-blue—give a look of luxury to fittings that are strictly practical.

Executives have been as clever with their staff of 80 as they have been with the furnishing. All are young, efficient, and full of zest.

Most are Newcastle people. Executives have gone to great trouble to see that they are.

They all seem to smile more widely, speak more brightly, step more briskly, and be more welcoming than most people.

The first person Newcastle people will see on Channel 3 on March 4 at 6 p.m. is Matt Tapp, son of a Kurri-Kurri coalminer.

Matt has lived and worked in Newcastle all his life except for the years of World War II, which he spent with the R.A.A.F. in England, where he lost a leg and won a D.F.C.

Matt will be host to televiewers on a quick conducted tour of the studios before introducing the Postmaster-General (Mr. C. W. Davidson), who will officially open the station.

Channel 3 goes on the air with a daily programme of eight hours, from 2.30 p.m. to 10.30 p.m., an Australian record for length on opening.

When TV started in Australia on Sydney's Channel 9 in September, 1956, telecasts were made only for three and a half hours a day from 7 p.m. to 10.30 p.m.

New viewers

It wasn't till 1958 that Sydney telecasting approached Channel 3's weekly opening total of 56 hours. But there are thousands of viewers in country areas who have never seen TV, while many Newcastle people have watched the three Sydney channels ever since TV started in 1956.

As you approach Newcastle, the strangest sight is the stalky electronic garden of 60ft. TV aerials sprouting from the tops of houses.

They are a weird and ugly sight. I notice they all had their antennae pointing due south to pick up the Sydney TV signal, and I wondered what would happen when Newcastle went on the air.

Channel 3's signal would in no way interfere with the present reception of the three Sydney channels, Mr. Greenhalgh told me.

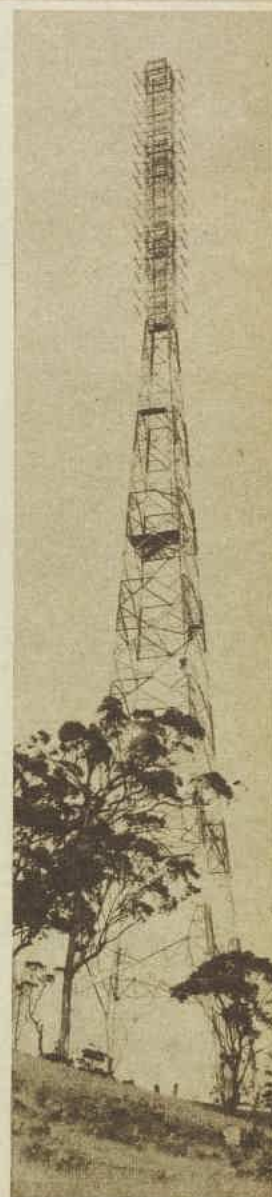
"There may be cases in which televiewers are swamped by Channel 3's picture," he said, "but any TV servicemen can remedy that quickly and easily so that all four channels can be received."

The new aristocrats among Newcastle viewers are those that have two aerials, one turned south to Sydney and another short one turned due west for Channel 3, with a switch that allows them to use either as the fancy takes them.

Channel 3's 56 weekly hours will be made up by 10 hours of live programmes and 46 hours of imported programmes.

Daily Monday to Friday live programmes include a women's session, "Home at Three," at 3 p.m., "The Three Cheers Show," from 4.30 to 5 p.m., which features local junior talent; the news from 6.30 to 7 p.m.

Weekly live shows are "Tempo," on Saturdays from 5.30 to 6 p.m., a family variety show; and "Focus on Newcastle" on Sundays at 3.30 p.m., a panel discussion chaired by Professor Newton-John, of Newcastle University.



Imported programmes include the "Phil Silvers Show," "Dragnet," "Danger Man," "Naked City," and "San Francisco Beat." They're all beauties.

Film Review: Movie News

with MIRIAM FOWLER

SEVEN WOMEN FROM HELL

Chic in her safari ensemble, Patricia Owens leads sister P.O.W. escapees from a tensionless camp break to a farcical Jap-dodging trek for Allied lines. Ludicrous enroute action quickly dissolves what little sympathy the women aroused behind barbed wire. Cesar Romero has an ineffectual role. — *Esquire*, Sydney.

In a word . . . MISTAKE.

BRITAIN'S top teenage attraction Adam Faith gets the biggest break in his career in March when he begins work opposite Anne Baxter in "Mix Me a Person," which veteran producer Victor Saville will supervise. Adam will play the exacting role of a delinquent youngster. His enthusiasm for the part was strengthened when he learned

that Oscar-winning Anne Baxter would be flying to England from Australia to play opposite him. Adam has signed his five-figure contract and is currently studying the script in preparation for Miss Baxter's arrival at the end of March.

DANA ANDREWS has invested two and a half million dollars (£A1,250,000) in a new apartment-house project in Los Angeles. The place has every modern convenience imaginable, including fallout shelters.

PETER MYERS and Ronnie Cass, who were once Britain's revue kings with hits like "For Adults Only" and "For Amusement Only," now find themselves in demand as screenwriters. They scripted and wrote many of the songs for Cliff Richard's current film success, "The Young Ones," and Associated-British are so

pleased with the popular result they're making a sequel this year on location in Greece. Myers and Cass have flown to Greece to get ideas for the film, which will go into production around June.

CHARLTON HESTON'S wife, Lydia, and son Fraser will commute between Hollywood and Hawaii every weekend while he is filming "Diamond Head." Heston is happy only when his family is with him.

THE Crosby boys, Phillip, Dennis, and Lindsay, made their wives very happy when they agreed to do a TV series for Frank Sinatra's production company. The series will tie them down to Hollywood. The personal-appearance tours the boys have been making during the past year have kept them away from home and family for almost 40 weeks.

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMME



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Standard 3/3



MADE IN
AUSTRALIAN
WOOL



FASHIONS for AUTUMN

● The clothes in this six-page section are from the range of wool fashions available throughout Australia for autumn-winter, 1962. They are among the 170 fashions commended by the Australian Wool Bureau's panel of experts for fashion rightness and color, quality of fabric, and excellence of manufacture.

The 170 garments will carry a special label, "1962 Fashion Choice." This label has replaced the gold medal awards in the garment section. The experts inspected the full range of each manufacturer's designs instead of judging a parade of selected entries.

● High-fashion ensemble (left) in black-and-white houndstooth check. The coat has a matching skirt and black top. By Maxwell Clothing Co., Sydney. Approximate retail price £16/10/-.

Continued overleaf

AUTUMN FASHIONS

Brilliant color in elegant coats and suits

● Here, Australian manufacturers interpret wool fashions with elegance, drama, and perfect tailoring. Fabrics have a new de-luxe quality, and color reigns with new brilliance.



● Three-piece suit in smooth-textured scarlet wool (above). The easy-fit jacket is side-fastened with a self bow; the slim skirt is finished with a Dior pleat at centre back. The suit is worn with a scarlet overblouse made in featherweight wool. Suit by C h a m p s Elysees Models Pty. Ltd., Melbourne. Approximate retail price £27/18/-.

● Four-piece suit in grey-and-jade double-knit wool jersey (above). Cardigan and slim skirt in grey; blouse and scarf mix both colors. Suit by Leroy Manufacturing Co., Melbourne. Approximate retail price £19/19/-.



● Teenage suit (right) in orange-and-green plaid worn with a matching bowler. The abbreviated Jackie Kennedy jacket is bound in contrast; the skirt is permanently pleated. Suit by Aywon Pty. Ltd., Victoria, available in three color combinations. Fabric by Federal Woollen Mills, Geelong. Approximate retail price £15.



● This gendarme coat in scarlet is cut on voluminous lines and finished with two patch pockets. Coat by Roville Fashions, Melbourne. Approximate retail price £25.



● Batwing sleeves (above) taper to a slim skirt. The herringbone tweed is used on the reverse side to give the effect of worsted. Coat by Renny, Melbourne. Fabric by R.S.S. Woollen Mills. Approximate retail price £19/19/-.

● Chic coat (left) has a provocative swing created by low flares. The design is single-breasted. By Nino, Melbourne. Fabric in eight fashion colors by Moylan Woollen Mills. Approximate retail price £17/19/6.

● Winter coat in Kelly-green rough-textured wool twill. Smart features are the long revers and the low-slung half belt. The coat is available in seven fashion colors. By Leroy, Melbourne. Approximate retail price is £21.

Continued
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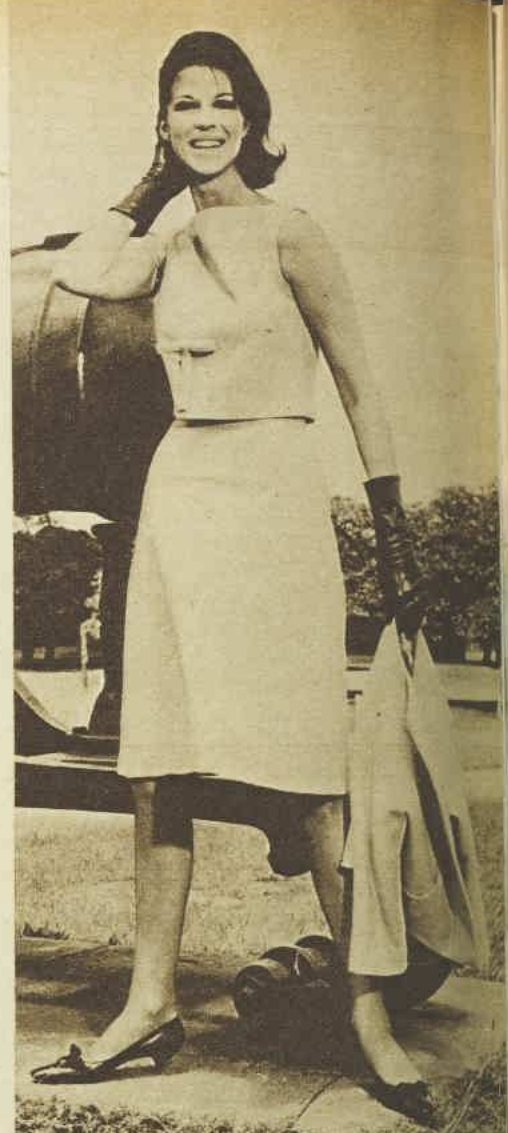




AUTUMN FASHIONS

Trendsetters: one-piece, two-piece, three-piece

● These new designs foretell success for the long-torso dress with a spin of flares down on the hips or lower. They show, too, the diversity of suit trends. No one silhouette dominates the scene.



● Formal suit (above) made in black wool barathe. The soft styling in the single-breasted jacket is highlighted with a snow-white mink collar and silk braid buttons. The semi-kimono sleeves are more autumn news. Suit by Fashion-bilt Garments, Sydney. Approximate retail price, 58 gns.



● Rough-textured tweed in pewter-grey is the fabric choice for the long-torso dress, right. A swing of flares falls from a band of handwoven black wool braid. The braid is repeated at the high neckline. Dress by Susan Small, Melbourne. Approximate retail price, £18/18/-.



● Chic three-piece suit in smooth-surface wool. The cone-shaped skirt is worn with a sleeveless top, bon-trimmed at centre front. The short, collarless, high-to-the-throat jacket has a three-button fastening. Suit by Renny Pty. Ltd., Melbourne. The approximate retail price is £18.

● Low-slung self-material contour belt gently defines the waistline on the jacket of the two-piece suit, left. The jacket has small revers and uncuffed sleeves. The straight skirt, like a number of autumn designs, is kneecap-length. Suit by S. Pizer and Co., Melbourne. Approximate retail price, 30 gns.

Formal fashions in new wools

● These three formal fashions emphasise two points of interest—spectacular designing and the new versatility of wool fabrics.



● Slender-line two-piece cocktail-cum-dinner dress (above) made in fine white wool crepe. The sleeveless top is accented at the hipline with a band of jewelled embroidery. By Lucele Frocks, Sydney.



● Formal wedding dress (right). The fabric, wool embroidered on net and mounted on satin, was executed by Pauline Exclusive Embroidery, Melbourne. Wedding dress by Ravanne Gowns, Melbourne.



● Superbly draped ankle-length evening gown is made in featherweight wool. The dress has one shoulder bared; the other is caught with a jewel-trimmed bow in matching satin. The ultra-long stole is finished with a deep fringe. Fabric, Prestige wool-o-wisp. Dress by John Claringbold, Melbourne.

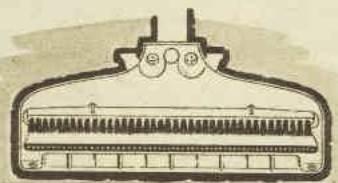
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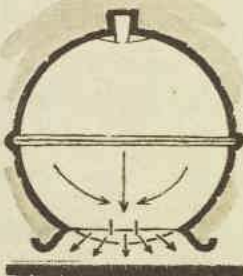
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AUTUMN FASHIONS



● Easy-cut suit in wool jersey. The jacket, in red and black houndstooth check, has a matching vest. The skirt is slim. Suit by Peggy Parcell, Melbourne. Approximate retail price £39/12/6.

Style—
smooth
and
classic

● Dress and coat ensemble, right. Coat in clerical-grey worsted, dress in striped wool with a siro-set knife-pleated skirt. Class weave fabric. Ensemble by Elegance, Melbourne. Approximate retail prices: Coat £24/15/-, dress £20/5/-.



Casuals— tailor-perfect

● For further information about the clothes in this section, or names of stores where they can be bought, write to the Australian Wool Bureau, 17 Bridge Street, Sydney; Wool House, 578 Bourke Street, Melbourne; or Box 912M, G.P.O., Brisbane.

● New longer-line jacket (above left) in white lace-knit is banded in blue jersey to match the sleekly tailored wool slacks. Ensemble by Hit Parader Creations, Melbourne. Approximate retail prices: Slacks £7/5/-, jacket £13/10/-. At right: A fringed poncho in wool tapestry worn with slender jersey slacks. Poncho and slacks by Jedda Styles, Melbourne. Approximate retail prices: Poncho £7/19/11, slacks £5/19/11.



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If you decide to keep them, you can pay the balance of £9 immediately or £1 per month for nine months, interest free.

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and the King of Siam
(Yul Brynner) in a scene from the film "The King and I," one of the musicals available in this special record offer.

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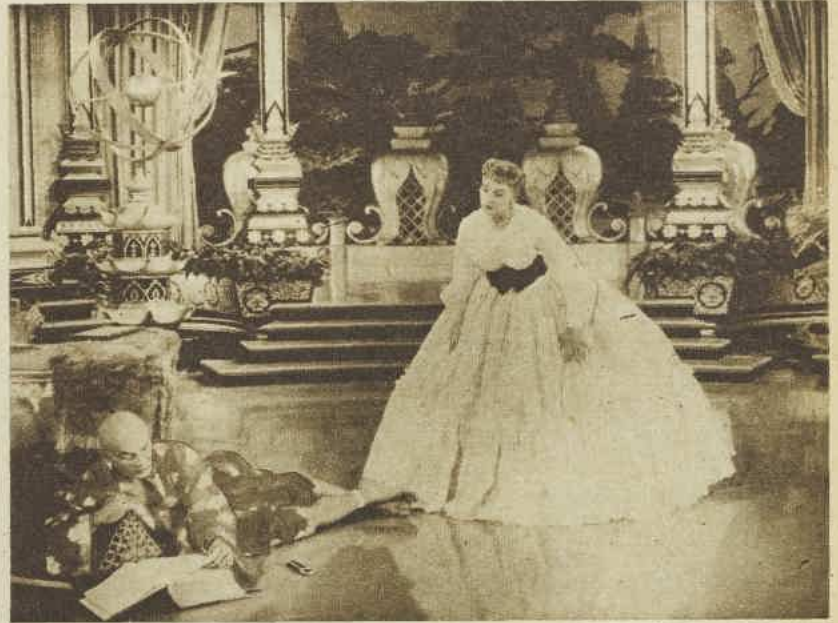
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THE KING AND I: Music by Richard Rodgers; Book and Lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein II. Originally performed New York 29.3.51. Starring GERTRUDE LAWRENCE, YUL BRYNNER, DOROTHY SARNOFF, DORETTA MORROW, LARRY DOUGLAS. Directed by John Van Druten.

PORGY AND BESS: Music and Lyrics by George and Ira Gershwin, featuring members of the Original New York Cast; TODD DUNCAN, ANNE BROWN, THE EVA JESSYE CHOIR, with the Decca Symphony Orchestra conducted by Alexander Smallens.

CAROUSEL: Music by Richard Rodgers; Lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein II. Featuring members of the Original New York Production; JOHN RAITT, JAN CLAYTON, JEAN DARLING, CONNIE BAXTER, with Carousel Orchestra and Chorus directed by Joseph Littau.

SONG OF NORWAY: Music adapted from Edvard Grieg by Robert Wright and George Forrest. Stars, LAWRENCE BROOKS, ROBERT SHAFER, HELENA BLISS, WALTER KINGSFORD, with orchestration and choral work by Arthur Kay.

ANNIE GET YOUR GUN: Music and Lyrics by Irving Berlin. Originally performed New York 17.5.46. Original cast starring ETHEL MERMAN, RAY MIDDLETON, and members of the original cast, chorus and orchestra conducted by Jay Blackton.

GUYS AND DOLLS: Music and Lyrics by Frank Loesser, based on a story and characters by Damon Runyon. Original New York Cast Album starring ROBERT ALDA, VIVIAN BLAINE, SAM LEVENE. Musical Director Irving Actman.

CARMEN JONES: Oscar Hammerstein II, based on Bizet's Opera "Carmen." Members of the Original New York Production, including MURIEL SMITH, LUTHER SAXON, CARLOTTA FRANZELL, JUNE HAWKINS. Orchestra Directed by Joseph Littau; Chorus directed by Robert Shaw.*

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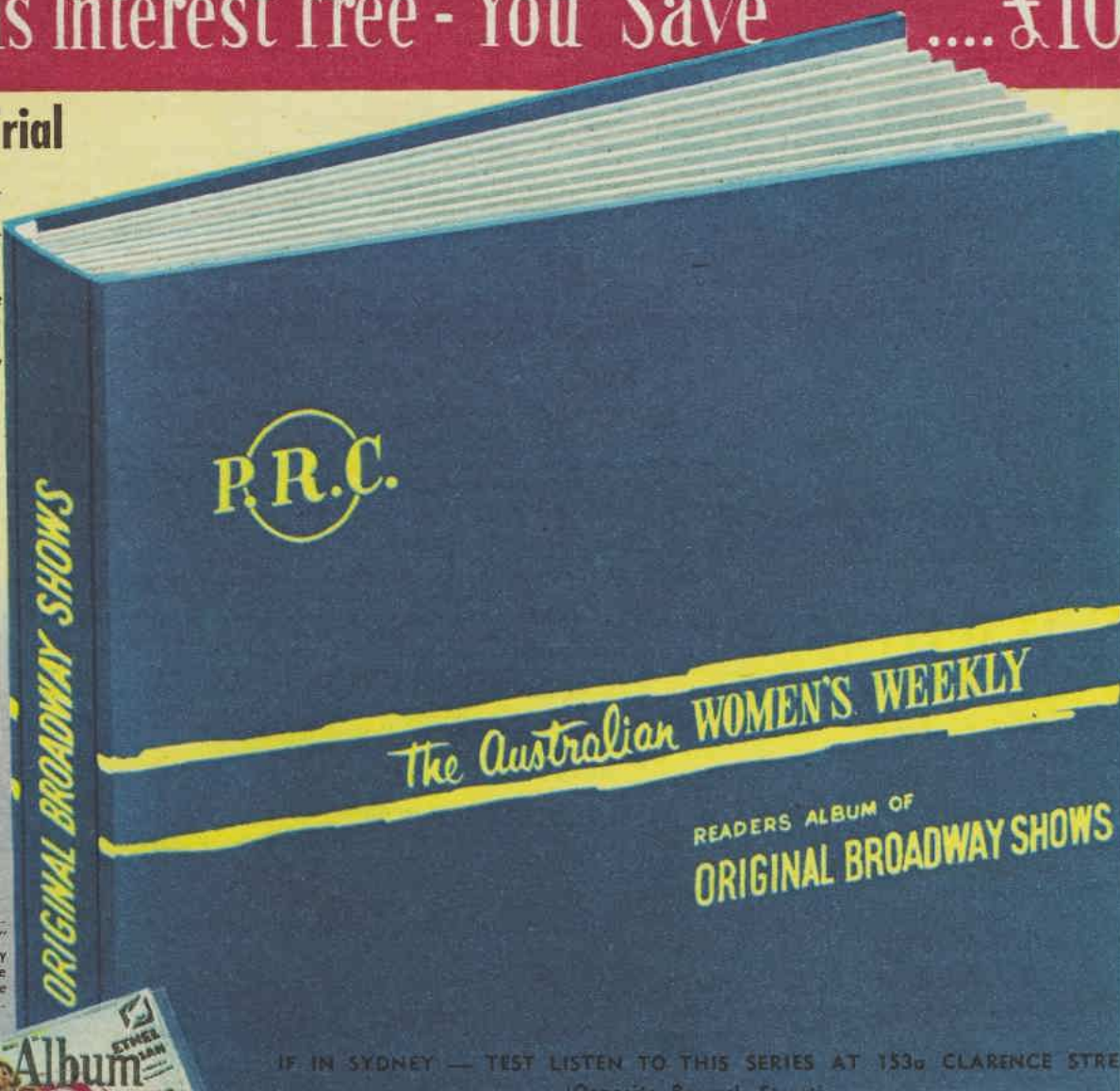
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Illustrated above is the expensively produced Presentation Jacket, in which The Australian Women's Weekly Original Broadway Shows will arrive in your home. Here you can see the richness of its special gold-embossed Vinyl-covered case (which will not warp), and the separate transparent containers for each of the albums. No expense has been spared in the production of this container, and it will be a fitting compliment to your own good musical taste. Remember, too — this is the only offer in Australia you may TEST LISTEN to at Club Rooms at 153a Clarence Street, Sydney.



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Please find enclosed cheque or money order for £3-0-0 being deposit, including postage, of The Australian Women's Weekly Readers' Album of Original Broadway Shows. I hereby undertake to pay monthly instalments of £1 per month, for 9 months, commencing 30 days after date of purchase.

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LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Dog's sixth sense

MY neighbor's dog sits in front of her home every morning when she leaves for business, then disappears until 4.30 p.m., when he sits at the gate to meet her. Last week, on a public holiday, she left for an outing at the same time as she leaves for work. Her pet cried most of the day and kept walking to the corner to see if she was returning. How did he know it wasn't an ordinary working day?

£1/1/- to "Puzzled" (name supplied), Torrensville, S.A.

Baby talk smooths quarrels

EVER since our courtship started, my husband and I have had a special sort of baby talk which we unconsciously use when we're alone. At first this worried me, as I thought it would be detrimental to our relationship, but now I feel it's a wonderful bond. It's amazing how many quarrels our baby talk has resolved. Several other couples we know also have a special baby language. Do readers think this is childish?

£1/1/- to "Litty Sing" (name supplied), Cairns, Qld.

Women should be their age

WOMEN should be proud of their age instead of attempting to conceal it. Recently a friend, who is 50, invited some people to a party to celebrate her birthday. In the middle of proceedings she announced to all that she was now 38. We all knew she was older because, apart from looking her true age, she has a son nearly 30 years old. Instead of concealing her age she just made a fool of herself.

£1/1/- to "Admit It" (name supplied), Hobart.

Borrowing neighbors

STRUGGLING to make ends meet and expecting our first child, my husband and I have a neighbor problem which has caused several arguments in our home. Rarely do a few days go by before our neighbor or her daughter borrows something which isn't returned. They borrow pins, matches, eggs, flour, sugar . . . I know the sum involved is only a few shillings, but once I give up work I won't be able to afford to be continually restocking such items. I don't want to hurt her, especially now that I'm pregnant and may appreciate her help later on.

£1/1/- to "Worried Wife" (name supplied), Magill, S.A.

The Weekly gets around

WOULD readers of The Australian Women's Weekly be surprised to learn that it is widely read in all 16 countries I've visited? Copies are seen in bookshops, at airports, hotels, public libraries, on ships, and even in dentists' waiting-rooms?

£1/1/- to "C.S." (name supplied), Calcutta, India.

Aged parents

"FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE" (Qld.) criticizes selfish people who put their aged, dependent parents into homes and hospitals. When my parents first joined our family (we have three young daughters and another child on the way) we were dubious, but time has shown what a wonderful help they can be. As my family grew, my mother took over the children, who love their grandparents and would do anything for them.

£1/1/- to "Mrs. E.C." (name supplied), Launceston, Tas.

AGED parents should rarely live with their children. They are often an overpowering burden to the wife and can be a serious drain on her patience and understanding.

£1/1/- to "Happiness For All" (name supplied), Queanstown, S.A.

I AM 75 years old and have two of the best children ever born, both of whom are in good circumstances and have wonderful children. They would be happy for me to share their homes, but I'm far happier in my rest home among other people like myself. We are old and have had our day; leave the young people to theirs.

£1/1/- to "Restful Old Age" (name supplied), Mt. Lawley, W.A.

ON the death of my mother I gave up a lucrative business in one State to transfer to another to care for my aged father. I paid all expenses for the last three years of his life and now find myself, almost 60 years old, without income and, even more important, without interest in life.

£1/1/- to "Service" (name supplied), Llandilo, N.S.W.

MY father-in-law went into an aged home of his own free will because, as he said, he'd reared his own children and couldn't put up with the noise of our five.

£1/1/- to "Amron" (name supplied), Maroochydore, Qld.

Ross Campbell writes...

"DOES my slip show under this dress?" my wife said.

She often asks this before she goes out somewhere. Before answering, I am careful to walk right round the dress.

There was trouble one night when I gave a hasty "O.K." after looking at the front.

We were going to the Orpingtons' for dinner. As soon as we got there, Mrs. Orpington took my wife aside and whispered with obvious satisfaction: "Your slip is showing at the back, dear." My wife considered I had let her down.

This time, to show my keenness as a slip fieldman, I crouched low before giving an opinion.

"Only about an inch is showing," I said.

"Only an inch!" she wailed, rolling her eyes to heaven. "As if that didn't matter!"

She let me know that an inch was an enormous amount of slip to be showing. Other women would gloat over it. If you gave them an inch they treated it as a yard.

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

MANY A SLIP

"I can't take it up because it's got lace at the bottom," she said bitterly. "I'll have to try to knot the shoulder-straps."

When she came back, she held forth on her slip grievance.

"They move the hems of dresses up and your slips are too long. They move them down and your slips are



too short. The whole thing gets on my nerves," she said.

She told me some of the pathetic devices used by her friends to hold their slips up.

Elva Donkling ties a piece of string round her waist. But her

slip usually comes down halfway through a party.

Mona Wilkins tucks hers into her girdle—another trick that is sadly unreliable.


I began to think about slips, wondering why there is so much fuss when they show. They are usually ornamental things. They look as if they were meant to be seen by the public.

Elizabeth Taylor made a bit when she acted a scene clad in a slip. Other actresses imitated the idea—in fact, it seemed as if they might adopt the slip as a uniform. In that event, a movie star would only have to worry when her dress was showing.

I put this point of view to my wife. "Does it really matter if people see a bit of a woman's slip?" I said.

Her reply was shattering. "Of course it matters," she said. "It's like men showing the top of their underpants above their trousers."

After that, I had to admit that women have a problem in the showing slip. I hope that with that brilliant new invention, the inbuilt slip, science at last has the answer.



They were completely
alone in an idyllic world
of their own creation.
A tender short story

... and share your soul

By
MICHAEL
DRURY

BARBARA BARNES measured water and coffee into the percolator without thinking. After twelve years her hands didn't need her mind; they went by themselves. She smiled, thinking that small Eric would like that idea. He was a nice child, the most satisfactory of the three. From the first day she'd seen him, he had always looked at her as if they shared a secret.

The sky was blue-green, with a copper rim over the coast range where the sun would come up soon. Barbara looked out at it and felt tears sting her eyes. "Please, please let it rain," she prayed foolishly.

She took milk, butter, eggs from the refrigerator, then went down the hall, checked the thermostat, and called the children. She opened the door to what the architect had persistently called the master bedroom and surveyed the heap of blankets that was the master.

She smiled. "Tom, dear, it's seven-fifteen."

The covers shifted a little.

"Come on, darling, say something so I'll know you're really awake."

"Mm-m-m-m," said her husband.

Barbara decided it was sufficient and closed the door softly, wondering as she did where

To page 32

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Continuing ... AND SHARE YOUR SOUL

from page 31

the world would be if women didn't get up and set it in motion every morning. "Oh, what's the matter with me?" she thought. "I wish this weather would break. It needn't rain just as a favor to me," she reminded God silently. "We need it, anyway."

She laughed suddenly, thinking how silly that would sound to anyone but God, if He were listening, and maybe to Eric.

She began setting the table. All her life she had known this mystery and longing in the autumn, a sense not exactly of foreboding but of waiting for something to happen. For a long time she had thought that when she met the man she was to marry this singing mixture of sadness and joy would go away.

But she met Tom in the spring and married him in summer, and in October the landscape filled with blue haze, the bottom fronds on the palm trees turned brown, fog blew in from the sea—and Barbara tasted the recurring restlessness.

She wanted to go somewhere on a ship or climb mountains or even, since she lived on the fringes of Hollywood, become a movie actress, though that was foolish enough to make her laugh.

She tried twice to talk to Tom about it, but it was plain he didn't understand and she gave it up. It was like the business of her feeding tramps, which Tom objected to.

"I just don't get it," he'd said repeatedly. "What good does it do to feed them?"

"I know how they feel, somehow," Barbara said. "I know what it's like to be hungry."

"You can't possibly. You've never been hungry."

"Not that kind of hunger exactly," Barbara agreed. "But I can imagine what it's like. I can imagine terribly."

Tom chuckled. "Okay, sweetheart, go ahead and imagine, but never let them in the house. Promise me that."

"Of course not," she answered indignantly. "I'm not a fool." Tom loved her, she knew

that, but he didn't have the faintest idea sometimes what made her go, as Eric would put it. He loved her but he laughed at her—gently, just a little, yet it gave her a lonely feeling.

The family trooped in for breakfast and Tom gave Barbara a hug that smelled of shave lotion and wet hair.

Eric said, "I'm having a funeral for the bird old Ginkgo killed. This afternoon. Will you come?"

"Of course," Barbara said. "Thank you very much."

"Haven't you buried that thing yet?" Brock asked. "It must stink by now."

"Bring flowers," Eric advised, ignoring his brother.

"I will," Barbara promised.

"Oh, Mother," Gwen protested, "don't encourage him. He's so morbid." Gwen was eleven and learning big words and beginning to view her mother as female competition.

"I don't think so, dear, just imaginative."

"What's imaginative?" Eric asked.

"Nosy," Gwen said.

"Is it?" Eric demanded of his mother.

"Approximately."

"What's approximately?"

"Eric," said his father dangerously.

ERIC began eating his cereal quickly, and his mother caught his eye and winked. The little boy giggled and winked back unsuccessfully, blinking both eyes.

By 8.20 they had all gone off to their separate worlds, Tom first, followed by the boys and then Gwen. At 10.30 Barbara was hanging sheets on the line. She owned a dryer, but she loved the smell of sheets dried outdoors and it was one benefit she could claim from the weather. As she struggled with the last one, something more mundane than wind grabbed a flapping corner and helped her anchor it

down, and Barbara turned, laughing, to see what neighbor had come to her rescue.

It wasn't anyone she knew. It was a man, medium height, wearing old, well-washed denim clothes and a short, almost black beard. His eyes were hazel-colored and they looked at her in a way at once cool and warm.

He looked rather like an adult elf who couldn't possibly be there but was. "Are you real?" she asked at last. "You look like something I made up."

The man replied imperturbably, "I shouldn't be surprised if you did. Perhaps I made you up, too." Suddenly he grinned. "I think my imagination's better than yours."

Barbara laughed and then caught herself. Here, this was no way to be talking with a tramp. She collected herself and asked formally, "What is it you want?"

He scowled. "Want?" he echoed. "Why, nothing particularly." Then he stuffed his hands in his pockets and hunched his shoulders. "That isn't true, of course. I want a great many things, but I hardly expect you to supply them."

Obviously this was no ordinary tramp. His speech was too good, and slightly husky, as though he had to fight his voice down to keep it from shouting. She had a sudden idea: he was probably an actor out of work. To the people who lived there, Hollywood was like any other city, full of commuting husbands and committee wives and filling stations, but you never quite forgot that people, especially rather unusual people, might be actors. This one plainly didn't know how to go about his present role.

"I suppose you'd like some lunch?" she said helpfully.

He blinked. "But I haven't had breakfast."

She was annoyed, and then amused. "Wait here, then," she said, and went on to the back porch, where she took down some garden shears. She re-

turned to the yard and put them on a box some ten feet from the man. "You can go around the side of the house and cut some chrysanthemums," she told him. "I'll want six bronze and six yellow."

He did not stir, and she said, "Well, go on. It's all the work there is for you to do, and I can't give you breakfast if you don't earn it, you know."

FOR a long moment the man said nothing and his eyes were unfathomable. Then he walked over and picked up the shears. "You should always," he informed her softly, "take uneven numbers of flowers. It makes better arrangements."

She snapped, "Six of each!" and marched into the house.

From the sanctuary of her grey-and-yellow kitchen, she watched him disappear around the corner of the house. Well!

Like any housewife faced with unexpected company, she took stock of her cupboard: orange juice, eggs—would be eat cereal? Suddenly it struck her as horribly dull. She longed for mangoes and French pancakes and coffee laced with rum—or did one lace coffee with rum at this hour of the day? She wished she knew, and she put on a fresh pot of coffee and flew down to the basement for a roll of sausage meat from the freezer.

While the patties browned in a skillet, she halved a grapefruit and sprinkled it with sugar and crumbled mint leaves. It wasn't mangoes, but it would have to do. She dipped bread and made French toast and arranged it all on a good teakwood tray. I really am crazy, she thought.

She found the man squatting on his heels by the back steps talking to Ginkgo, the huge cat that lived next door. Beside him on the ground lay the shears and the flowers. She counted them and sighed. Seven bronze and five yellow.

To page 38

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—March 7, 1962



Margaret's hand had just reached out to the telephone when the shadow in the corner said sharply, "Don't touch that!"

HOURS TO KILL

Time stood still as Margaret waited
... final instalment of our serial

BY URSULA CURTISS

DR. WIMPLE arrived shortly after twelve. He took Margaret's temperature, looked down her throat and into her ears, listened to her lungs, counted her pulse twice. By persistent questioning, Margaret found that her temperature was almost 103, her right tonsil was badly infected, there was congestion in her lungs, her pulse was fast.

He asked if she had ever had quinsy and if she tolerated penicillin, and gave her a shot there and then which she could only liken, later, to a kick from a vindictive horse. He said that she would have to go to bed at once, wrote out a prescription that he would have delivered, and asked after her little girl.

"Oh, she's not mine. She's — her parents — oh," said Margaret despairingly, "I can't go into it."

She went with Wimple, still shuddering uncontrollably now and then, while he examined Hilary, said something about secondary infections, and removed a long curl of red crayon delicately from the heel of his shoe. "Now, can you find someone to come in? Otherwise I'd advise the hospital."

For the first time in her life, Margaret found the thought of a hospital appealing. To enter another world, high, white, sterile; its corridors lighted and travelled at night, however hushed; its very routine, shutting out any other possible activity, soothing. Hilary could probably be wangled in, too, bringing the nursing profession to its highest, most haggard peak.

But she would be shut away from even indirect contact with Cornelia. "I have someone I can call," said Margaret, folding her arms tightly around herself, "and she can take care of both of us."

Wimple put things back in his bag. He had offered Hilary the used tongue depressor, and she had answered primly: "There might be germs on it." As he straightened beside the bed a piece of paper floated to the floor and he picked it up, glanced at it, and returned it to Hilary after a lightning glance at Margaret and a somewhat delayed smile. "You're quite an artist, aren't you?"

"That's Mrs. Foale," said Hilary, divided between pride and invalidism, and Margaret and the doctor, equally taken aback, gazed at a purple outline of face, one sharp-lashed blue eye lower than the other, a scribble of black bangs, a crude red smile.

"Very nice," said Dr. Wimple, recovering first, and then to Margaret, as he eased himself into the living-room, "An imaginative child, isn't she?"

"Very." Although she wasn't, really. "Thank you, Doctor."

"Had any more trouble with your visitor of the other night?"

Why did he ask that just now, and was it only her nerves that thought he was examining her, watching for some betrayal by eyes or mouth or hands? "No. I'm sure he was quite harmless, anyway," said Margaret, meeting his gaze steadily. "I was coming down with this throat, I suppose."

"I did the autopsy on a hit-and-run victim on this street that night," said Dr. Wimple, equally off-hand, "and took a bullet out of him. Julio Garcia, his name was. But, of course, the man you saw would have told you if he'd been shot. He'd certainly have been looking for help."

He could not have seen the bloodied flagstones in the dark; he couldn't know, even though her face must be flaming. This was the tiniest portion of what she could expect if she told the police about Julio Garcia's last visit, because, although she had neither gun nor car, they would find it difficult to believe that she hadn't known he was hurt, impossible to understand the panic that had driven her to wash the stones of the porch.

To explain that she would have to explain about Philip and Cornelia and herself and Mrs. Foale—without a scrap of proof. She would look like a classically jealous and bitter woman, determined to cave the roof in on the man who had humiliated her.

More important, they would almost certainly detain her for questioning, or whatever it was they did, and she would be out of touch with Cornelia at this time that mattered most.

"I don't think it could have been the same man," said Margaret, allowing doubt to creep in. "At least, I certainly hope . . ."

She gave the doctor an imploring look, to which he rose. "It's very unlikely. With that loss of blood, you'd certainly have known. I'd like you to call me—let me see—on Wednesday, and I'd keep the child in bed, too . . ."

Margaret called Lena and then went fugitively to bed. For just a few minutes, she thought; just long enough to get warmed through, to put down her aching head and not think about anything at all.

She shivered for some time under the blankets, and all at once her body let go and was still. She had to fight a gradual cocoon-like drowsiness, because Hilary was in bed across the hall and Kincaid might call with news at any minute. And the prescription would be coming from the drugstore.

Active consciousness came and went like waves on a beach. At one instant she was gazing at the drawer-pulls on the bureau across from her bed; in the next, with the drawer-pulls still half there, Cornelia was at the bottom of a tremendously long ladder, trying strengthlessly to climb up it to safety.

Reality, when her eyelids jerked wide again, was worse. Cornelia was not alone; she was with Philip, lulled, unsuspecting; possible—because that was the way things worked—even happier than she had been before her brief black doubt.

Mrs. Foale slipped wispily between Margaret and the bureau; Mrs. Foale, who had trusted Philip so little that she had secreted small evidences of his connection with

To page 54

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Page 33

"Who could blame a bloke?"



There ought to be a better word than "delicious" just for

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For them the day by the sea was much more than just a simple pleasure

THEY lived in a small house in a rather squalid street in the East End of London. Except for an hour or two each day when the sunlight fell down the length of the street, the place was shrouded in darkness.

It was a sad neighborhood, even dreary, but he liked being there because they were within earshot of the great London docks; they could hear the tooting hooters, the grinding of great cranes, the puffing of tugboats.

It brought back to him those dream-like days when he was a merchant seaman roaming the docks and harbors of the whole world . . . Because she loved him, and wanted only his happiness, his wife lived there, too, fighting down her instinctive distaste.

Sometimes, the revulsion would rise up in her, however, and then she would consult their carefully hoarded savings and propose one of their infrequent outings.

She knew that he enjoyed the event, almost fiercely, and that for weeks afterwards he would remember it. For inevitably their outing was a day by the sea.

This time she had chosen Lymington. She had looked up Lymington in a guide book and had noted that it was a small port, and facing across to the Isle of Wight. It sounded, somehow, just what was needed for her, the escape from the prison of buildings to the sweet open brightness of the country—for him, the journey from the sound of ships to the smell of the sea.

By midday they were walking down the broad main street, lined with oak-beamed Georgian houses.

"Ah," he said, sniffing the air. "Do you smell what I smell?"

His wife squeezed his arm and smiled. She was never so happy as when they escaped upon these outings. "I smell the sea, Jim. It's fresh and salty; I can almost taste it."

"That's it," he cried out, taking deep breaths of the beloved air. "There's nothing else like it in the world, my dear."

She tightened her grip on his arm and they crossed the road and followed a path down to the river.

"Oh, Jim—boats! Dozens and dozens of little boats, painted blue and red and white, lying at anchor . . . and the sea so very blue."

He nodded wisely. "Lymington . . . I must have been here some time or other. It's a port for small yachts and fishing boats, mostly. I remember now—ah, yes, a pretty sight indeed, a pretty sight!"

He lingered over the phrase and she could feel him remembering. She was with him down the years as he leaned over the rail of his dumpy cargo boat steaming down the Channel, looking across the water to the fashionable yachting centre.

"Did you ever go sailing, my dear?" she asked.

"Sailing?" He laughed, and for a moment it seemed she was hearing the carefree laughter of a young boy again. "Of course, my old man built a 12-foot sailing dinghy for my brother and me."

"You were young then," she said, representing a twinge of jealousy at the thought of those far-off days in which she had not shared.

"Yes, my dear, I was young." He looked away, out in the direction of the sea. "Young and free of fancy . . ."

And then she felt the sudden pressure of his hand upon hers, the familiar feel of his hard skin, still tough from his seafaring days. . . . but not so happy, my dear, not so happy."

A fine sight

A short story

By DENYS VAL BAKER



She laughed. "Oh, Jim . . . you say that now . . ."

They came to the end of the path. There was a green field sloping up to the side. They climbed halfway up and sat down to eat their sandwiches.

"My word," he said. He turned away from her, propping his head up on his elbows. "You know, it all sets me remembering. The smell of the sea, the feel of the wind on my face again."

She screwed up the wrapping-paper and put it away, and came to sit close beside him.

"Go on, Jim," she whispered. "You remember. You tell me."

So he talked as they sat there in the afternoon sun. He talked with sudden animation, with life, with vigor. Listening, she half closed her eyes and she was carried away by him to strange places, across distant seas, into hot tropical lands. To Capetown, Madagascar, Port of Spain, Colombo, Singapore, Fremantle.

The names streamed across her mind as symbols of all the excitement and adventure that had once been his life, and for the moment she was not so much sad at all that he had lost, but rather full of marvel and wonderment at all that he had gained.

"Go on, Jim, my darling."

When he talked like this, she knew, he became a whole man again. In his words and his memories he rekindled the fuel that fed his very life. When he was like this she knew that she loved him as much as ever; no, more! She could not regret anything, she could only marvel at the fact of the two of them together.

"Oh, Jim!" she whispered, her voice trembling.

He put out a hand gently, touching her cheeks, feeling the wetness of her tears. Without saying anything, he drew her into his arms with a protectiveness that to her was beautiful.

It was early evening before they stirred from the field. They had felt the sun and the wind pouring down upon them and their secret happiness; and, smiling, they had both fallen into a deep sleep. When they awoke it had been time to start back, and hand in hand they had wandered across the fields to the towpath and gently back to the sleepy town, past the painted boats and the lapping waters.

Just before they turned up into the town she paused and looked back, unable to resist a farewell glance at the scene of so much beauty. Beside her the man waited patiently.

"Is it a fine sight?" he said at last.

She turned away. "Yes, Jim. It's a fine sight."

They said no more. She took his arm and guided him steadily up the main street. Walking along, with arms entwined, they were strangely happy and alive. But passers-by turning to watch them could only stare in mystification. How very sad, they thought. And they paused and stared with pity at the sight of a woman leading a blind man along the road.

But then passers-by see only the superficialities of life.

Happiness, true happiness, lies deeper than that.

(Copyright)



HEADLINES ON HAIR CARE
by Anne Bryant
HAIR BEAUTY CONSULTANT

Are grandmothers getting younger? There may be statistics to prove that they are, but I think the real truth is that modern grannies seem younger because they look younger. We women are traditionally privileged to keep our age a secret and, anyway, youth is a look—a feeling—not a matter of the number of birthdays we've had!

Grey hairs are a giveaway! Most women today are wonderfully enlightened about the use of cosmetics, but many don't realise that hair colour is just as important as lipstick—the very first thing which betrays age is grey hair. Even if it's premature, grey hair will make you look older than you really are, so looking young begins with banishing tell-tale grey hairs.

Colour must be natural. Maybe you feel doubtful about using hair colouring because you're afraid your hair will not look natural—and there are many hair dyes which do look unreal and artificial. That's why I always recommend L'Oréal of Paris Tintette, the gentle liquid creme which is so much better than a dye. With Tintette you can be absolutely sure that your hair colour will be perfect—never too dark, never too bright, never unreal, because the clear, shining colour penetrates deep into the hair shaft. Only with Tintette can you colour your hair at home with serene confidence—easily, quickly, safely and permanently. All the twelve lovely Tintette shades are so true to nature that no one will realise what has happened—they'll just notice how much younger and prettier you look.

Choosing your shade. When selecting the shade for your hair, remember that Tintette can do far more than any ordinary hair colouring. First and foremost, of course, it can restore natural hair colour to grey hair. But it can also lighten and brighten (without bleaching) . . . add deeper tone to fading hair . . . or give you a complete colour change. If your hair is greying and

darkening, a Tintette shade just a little lighter than your natural colour will bring it back to its original lively loveliness. Your chemist—or the hair consultant in your favourite store—will gladly help you choose the perfect Tintette shade for your hair. Or, if you prefer, I'll be very happy to give you personal advice if you write me at the address below.

Complete hair beauty treatment. There's a special reason why Tintette gives such translucent, living colour to your hair—it is not just a hair colouring, it is a complete hair beauty treatment. Every time you use Tintette you pamper it with wonderful vitalising and nourishing ingredients which make it glossy, healthy and manageable—and leave it in perfect condition.

Automatic colour control. There's no need to panic if an interruption occurs when you are using Tintette, because it contains a completely automatic colour controlling agent which works like a stopwatch. No matter how long Tintette is left on your hair, the colour simply cannot become darker, or brighter, or change in any way at all.

It's easy to hue-it-yourself! Even if you have never used any type of hair colouring before, you can use Tintette happily and safely, in the privacy of your own bathroom. In little more time than it takes to shampoo and set your hair, you can change drab dullness to shining new beauty, and make those tell-tale grey hairs vanish completely.

If you have any hair beauty problems, why not write and tell me about them? And if you would like personal guidance on the Tintette shade you should use, send a 2 inch snippet of your hair to me so I can test it and advise you.

Anne Bryant

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March 7, 1962

Teenagers'

WEEKLY

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately



**A READER NAMES
DEVLIN BABY—P. 2**

LETTERS

Let's use atoms more peacefully

IN this atomic age people are often harassed by talk of the destructive forces of atomic energy. News articles vividly tell the probable results of atomic warfare. Rarely does one read of constructive uses of the atom's power. The uses of this infinitesimal thing, the atom, are many and varied. This imprisoned energy can revolutionise our existence.

With the passing of time our conventional sources of heat—like oil, coal, and wood—grow more scarce. New sources of power must be found to warm our homes, cook our meals, and run industries. Atomic energy can accomplish this.

With the use of radioactive isotopes better varieties of food can be grown and rotting of produce can be prevented. Some day, man, helped by isotopes, will manufacture food in laboratories and hunger will cease to exist. Radio isotopes can reduce the number of people who fall victim to skin complaints, eye injuries, thyroid gland ailments, and cancer. We can look forward to living longer, more useful lives and using to the maximum all our intelligence, abilities, and our good health.

Wider knowledge of the atom's constructive powers could perhaps dispel fear of a doomed Earth and give to man the hope and determination to use the atom for his benefit. — R. Stevens, Naremburn, N.S.W.

The good oil

MY mate and I have just bought an old car. We pour our pocket-money down its throat in petrol and oil. Better, you must agree, than pouring it into a girl's throat in the form of milk shakes and chocolates. It takes us anywhere—to different beaches each weekend and away on holidays. We went places with the girls, too, but they left us so broke we usually walked home. Take a tip, fellows, there's more fun in petrol than pretties. — A. Guest, Padstow, N.S.W.

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Page 2—Teenagers' Weekly

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Contributions of short stories and articles are also invited, but only those accompanied by stamped, addressed envelopes will be returned. Send them to Box 7052WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

OUR COVER

OVERLEAF we introduce Miss Lisa Marce Devlin, photographed two weeks after her birth on January 7, with her doting parents, Johnny and Carol. We asked readers to offer suggestions for the baby's name, and, from the hundreds sent in, Johnny and Carol selected Lisa Marce—suggested by Ruth Porter, of Lismore, N.S.W. Ruth suggested Mark Anthony for a boy, and the Devlins liked that, too.

Paper money

I AM a schoolgirl of 15 years and as I shall not be earning my living for quite a few years I am very money-conscious. So I fold and pack up bundles of clean newspapers, each bundle being six pounds in weight. Nearly every greengrocer's shop or fish shop is in need of papers for wrapping. I am given a penny per pound—"Money Maker," Epfring, N.S.W.

Talon on you

HEY, girls! Now that you're chiselling down the shoes, how about the fingernails? — "Carpenter," A.C.T.

Poets, far . . .

NOW I am a regular reader of "Teenagers' Weekly," which one of my New Zealand pen-pals sends me regularly after reading it himself. I am very interested in reading magazines and newspapers. My hobbies are stamps, view cards, coins, football, and gardening. I am a verse-writer. Today I write you a small verse, but I do not know whether you will like it and publish in your magazine because I am only 18-year-old boy . . .

My garden is a lovely place,
Where all my friends can play;
Each flower wears a smiling face,
With colors bright and gay.

A pool flows silent, fresh and green,
And cool soft grass and shady tree,
So many vivid birds I have seen,
My garden is where I love to be.

— Ranjit Kumar Roy, 35c
Jogendrabasak Rd., Calcutta 36, India.

. . . and near

DO other teenagers sometimes feel a "creative urge" and sit twiddling their thumbs not knowing what to do because they can't paint well or play a musical instrument? I have found a wonderful way to pass the time. I found an exercise book and every time I have

BEATNIK



"The intelligent way to look at it is—if you want to be successful you gotta make sacrifices."

nothing to do I attempt to put my feelings into the book as a short poem. At first I had some trouble, but it became easier. I advise anyone who has too much spare time to try this, for you will really enjoy reading back over your literary efforts and laughing at your own mistakes!—"Robbie Burns," Brunswick, Vic.

Ole!

SPAIN! The romantic, exciting, rhythmic country where orange trees grow, castanets click, and romance is at its height. Dashing men, dark-eyed señoritas, clicking heels, red wine. Oh, Spain! With your flamenco dancers and singers, with your brave bull-fighters and colorful fiestas. Haciendas with their white walls and sunlit courtyards, vineyards full of red grapes, beautiful old

Next week

WE tell the story of a brilliant young TV hallet. There are skating fashion suggestions in color to help you cut a neat figure on ice. AND you'll find two pages of knitting instructions for girls' jumpers illustrated in color. Young squash star Ken Hiscoe is the color pin-up.

THE MAIL MUST GET THROUGH

● "Makes Me Mad," of Terang, Vic., wrote (T.W., 17/1/62) that her parents read all letters she writes and receives. "Is this fair—is it usual?" she asked. "No, it's not fair," replied readers:

records, and so on. When I went to school, in a class of 30, I was the only one to have parents read her letters. We ought to start reading their letters and see how they feel then — "Frangipani," Corowa, N.S.W.

MY parents have never read any letters of mine and I do not think they ever will, but they said they would if they knew I could not be trusted. This does not mean I can write to any Tom, Dick, or Harry. I have to say to whom I am writing, and they expect me to tell who is writing to me. Your parents are quite unfair reading your mail. — P. McDonnell, St. Marys, S.A.

I AM 20 and my parents still expect me to tell them everything I do. However, they have never opened my mail, nor have they ever read the letters I write. When I was in my teens I often told them who had written to me and read them extracts which I considered would interest them, and I usually told them to whom I was writing. I feel that this is a good policy, as my parents have always trusted me and respected my privacy. Therefore, I think that "Makes Me Mad" should demand her personal rights and insist that her parents refrain from opening her mail. — "Makes Me Mad, Too," Gunnedah, N.S.W.

MY parents would never think of reading my letters, let alone dictate them. Not because they trust or mistrust me but because they treat me as a person and look at things in my point of view. They think (and I agree) that whoever you are, whatever you do, you should have a certain amount of privacy. I would think very little of a person who reads other people's letters without permission. — Kerri Tyler, Cottesloe, W.A.

TEENAGERS feel proud if they have a letter for themselves, but their pride is short-lived if their parents "baby" them and want to read its contents. It is their own personal property and parents should read it only if the teenagers wish, and then I'm sure parents would feel honored that the letter had been brought voluntarily and not been asked for.—V. Ryan, Banksia, N.S.W.

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly—March 7, 1962

By MARCH WINGATE

● Dear John, Jean (and your Mums) — It's a wise teenager who always writes letters that the addressee's mother can read without a blush. Not that mothers **SHOULD** read their children's mail, but they do . . . sometimes . . .

SHOULD MUM READ YOUR MAIL?

READERS DISCUSS
LETTER - OPENING
BY PARENTS . . .

"We only read their letters if we're very suspicious of bad company," one woman told me on behalf of a group of mothers she had consulted. "If we fear the worst, then we go into action. We send the teenager out on a long message and have a good fossick. But without any suspicion we wouldn't DREAM of opening their letters." It's a shameful feeling reading your children's mail, they told me, and they seldom do it twice. They know they run the risk of losing the "child's" trust and affection, but under very puzzling circumstances they still think the risk worth running. In the course of investigation I found that boys are more careless about leaving their correspondence lying around than girls are. They also exaggerate more in their mail. A marriage guidance counsellor told me that parents should NOT read their children's mail, and



that such an action is seldom justified, but the fact remains that they DO and teenagers should bear that in mind if they don't want to be misjudged. Mums even do it out of love, either mother-love or smother-love, I was told. "Some parents can't allow their children to grow up," the counsellor said. "And yet at the same time they expect the teenager to show a greater maturity than they show themselves. Sometimes to be forewarned is to be forearmed, but if parents must pry then they must remember the wild romanticism and exaggeration of youth and make allowances." Girls, of course, exaggerate. I talked to one mother who had read her son's letter from a girl we'll call Wendy. "I wish we could be alone forever on a desert island," Wendy wrote. "When you kiss me the stars in the heavens seem to spin." This anxious, ruffled mother wondered what sort of a Lothario she had in the house, and she



asked her son to bring Wendy home to tea—expecting a lass who would make Tuesday Weld and Brigitte Bardot look insipid. He arrived with a shy little brainwave of a girl who edited the school magazine. "Did you kiss her goodnight?" the mother quizzed when he returned from seeing her home. "Just a peck," he replied casually, and the mother vowed she would never read another letter in her life. I found that no mother tampers with outgoing mail. The incoming mail is the yardstick. That's why I say—write your letters with care, because it's you who will cop the reputation, not the "darling" of the house. And don't think too badly of your mother if she peeks into your personal affairs occasionally. She **SHOULDN'T** read your mail, but she was a teenager once and she probably wants to know how you're making out at the job of growing up. And some day you'll be a parent and probably do the same thing, horrifying as such a low-down trick sounds at the moment.



World at his feet —at 17

By Nan Musgrove

● When I interviewed Bryan Davies, at 17 compere and star of a new half-hour national TV show on A.B.C.-TV, I wished my favorite TV teenager, Dobie Gillis, and his beatnik friend, Maynard G. Krebs, were alongside.

DOBIE would never have recovered. I don't know exactly how Maynard would have behaved. Shock does strange things to a man.

Here's Dobie, at 17 feverishly hunting money and influence so he can pursue the flame of love that flickers as his money dwindles, and here's Bryan, at 17 with money in astronomical amounts for a teenager, with the strongly held opinion that romance and his successful career don't mix.

Even without money, in Dobie's book Bryan would be well ahead in the romance field with the sheer weight of his influence.

Maynard, conditioned to his life as Dobie's best friend, couldn't understand either. "Like he's got the money and the influence — so what about the girls?" he would ask.

Girls galore

There'd be more romance for Bryan if he were more like Dobie. He has so many prestige possessions to impress with.

Just look at the list:

- Three, sort of secretaries, GIRLS.
- A social committee of three, ALL GIRLS.
- A flourishing fan club, NEARLY ALL GIRLS.
- An agent (a MAN).
- A manager, HIS FAVORITE GIRL.
- His own show, called after him, "The Bryan Davies Show," expected to gather in thousands more fans, NEARLY ALL GIRLS.
- A voice that causes unearthly, high swooning squeals from GIRLS.

If Dobie and Maynard hadn't been carried out after that list, they would have been when they heard what Bryan does with his money.

HE SAVES IT.

"I'm saving like mad for a rainy day," he said.

"I don't own my own car, I use Dad's. It seems a waste to buy one of my own."

"The first thing I want to buy is a car for Mum, a little one. Then I want to buy a piece of land somewhere. But I'm not sure whether this is going to be an investment or if I want to keep it for myself."

No "steady"

"I haven't got time for girls, definitely not for a steady. I haven't been out on a date this year. But I plan to take girls out this year when I do have time."

"You cannot combine romance and a career when your career is at the stage mine is. I wish I could."



BRYAN DAVIES and his Golden Cocker, Kim.

Bryan's "sort of" secretaries are three members of his fan club. They help him with all the correspondence and business. His three other Girl Fridays are members of the social committee of the fan club who arrange outings en masse for Bryan and the members.

Bryan, who is English, strikes me as a determined boy with

his feet planted firmly on the ground.

He hit his first top spot in show business early in 1961 with his record "Dream Girl," which was top of the Top 40 the first week it was released.

In the same year he was one of a group of young people chosen as regular performers with Channel 9's "Bandstand," Sydney's top teenage show.

He was pretty busy with show business, but he didn't let it interfere with his schoolwork at Canterbury Boys' High, where he was studying for the Leaving.

He plugged on at his study and now has the satisfaction of having matriculated.

"I have no plans at this stage for the University," he said. "I hope I will be successful enough in show business not to have to go to the University."

Rock to stay

"But, whatever happens, I can always go to the University, I know, get my Economics degree, and take up a business life."

The A.B.C. doesn't feel that Bryan will be a businessman. They think he'll make the transition from the boisterous rock music that characterised "Six O'Clock Rock" to the quieter, more tuneful music that is now more popular.

Bryan himself feels that the essential rock beat will not disappear from today's music.

"We've had the cha-cha, the calypso, the twist, but if you

listen to the softer types of tunes that are popular today you can pick the basic rock beat.

"It's good to dance to, good all the way. It might get even quieter than it is now, but I hope it doesn't."

Parents help

Bryan says that he is "just going to be himself" as a compere.

"I don't think you can model yourself on anyone," he said. "People are very quick to pick up similarities that you copy. You have to develop your own style and be recognised as an individual."

Bryan's heroes among Australian compères are Graham Kennedy and Digby Wolfe.

Kennedy he describes as a robust compere prepared to do anything out of the ordinary on TV, Wolfe as the conservative, smooth type.

"I admire Graham," Bryan said. "He is a vital, alive compere."

Bryan chose his parents well. They both are vitally interested in his career, help him all they can.

Dad is Dr. Norman Davies, a senior chemistry lecturer at the University of New South Wales, at present on sabbatical leave doing research work in England, hence the use of his car; Mum, his favorite girl, is his manager as well as the helpmeet and general provider and looker-after that all mothers are.



BEVERLEY PROCTOR, 19, of Sydney, a member of the Bryan Davies Fan Club, helps the young star with his fan-mail.

By KERRY YATES

HIS FILMS ARE ALL SPLASH HITS



FOR Bruce makes films (the action pictures on this page are "stills" from them) on surfboard-riding, and while he sometimes shoots film from tops of cars, helicopters, and boats, the main location set is in the water.

Bruce, blond and tanned, recently toured the east coast of Australia showing his surfing films to local enthusiasts in hired halls and theatres.

"I find the best angle to film surfboard-riders is right in front of them," said Bruce, "and that's why I'm usually in the water."

His 16mm. color movie camera has a specially designed waterproof case. Bruce treads water, sometimes hundreds of yards from shore. He films surfboard-riders as they speed toward him and then ducks to let the boards go over his head.

"I've picked up a few stitches (though no serious injuries) learning when to duck," said Bruce, "but it seems the only way to capture the height of mighty waves."

He also attaches a camera by suction-caps to the front of his surfboard and paddles out to join the riders. Moving on his board beside the riders, he films them as they speed past.

Bruce brought his three full-length surfing movies to Australia. Titled "Slippery When Wet," "Barefoot Adventure," and "Surf Crazy," they were

● **Young American film producer and cameraman Bruce Brown, of California, really gets himself into deep water.**

filmed in the surfs of California, Mexico, and Hawaii.

Each movie runs for an hour and a half and shows the thrills and skills of surfboard-riding.

Bruce commentates from the stage during the color films, telling who's riding the waves and all about the beaches on the screen. "This gives it a personal touch," he said, "and I can adapt different styles for different audiences."

The background music to the films, which seems to capture the sound of the sea, was composed and played by Bud Shank, a popular American jazz musician. A big band backs Shank.

Bruce, 24, from Dana Point, California, has been interested in photography for eight years. At 18, as a member of the American Submarine Service, he was stationed at Hawaii. While he was there Bruce produced his first short color film of board-riding. An American surfboard-building company decided to sponsor the showing of the film at seaside towns in America.

Since then Bruce has produced his three full-length movies and "about half a dozen short surfing films for television." With his films he has toured

the islands of Hawaii, most of California, and eastern U.S.A.

During his tour of eastern Australia (the tour, in January, was his first visit here), Bruce was thrilled with the enthusiasm of the surfboard-riders, mostly teenagers. He filmed most of his new full-length movie, to be released some time this year, at surfing beaches along the coast of N.S.W.

Although the films show many local riders from the different beaches, Bruce usually takes a couple of champion surfboard-riders with him to appear in the films.

A top surfboard-riding star, Phil Edwards, of Oceanside, California, toured Australia with Bruce. Phil, 23, tall and rugged, is a surfboard and sailing-boat builder by trade and has his own company in the U.S.

FOOTNOTE: Bruce got into "hot water" one day when he was filming board-riders at a quiet Californian beach. Military police arrested him for "spying."

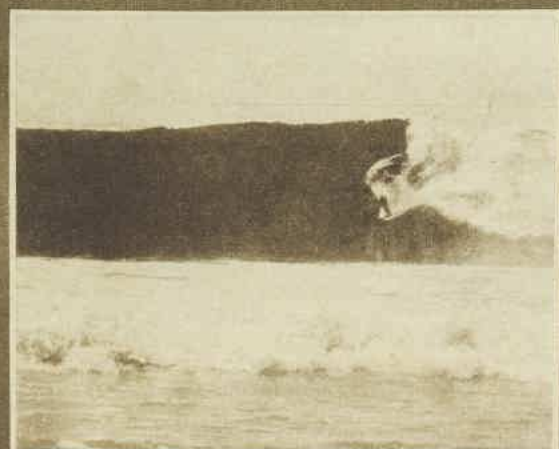
Bruce had to develop his film to prove to the police that he had not been using his telescopic-lens camera to photograph a nearby "hush-hush" Army installation.



● **Bruce Brown—producer**



● **Phil Edwards—star**



The autumn teen scene in wool



LONG-TORSO dress in Kelly-green wool has an easy-fit silhouette, collarless neckline, and short sleeves. The dropped waistline is defined with welt seaming and a button trim. The skirt features pleats. Dress by John J. Hilton Pty. Ltd., Sydney. Approximate retail price £12/12/-.



TWO-PIECE dress and dramatic stole made in wool jersey. The top has a cowl neckline, three-quarter-length sleeves, and back zip-fastening. The skirt has one of the new kick-out flares. The reversible stole is heavily fringed in black wool. Ensemble by Peggy Purcell, Melbourne. Approximate retail price £42/12/-.

● These Australian-designed and manufactured fashions make smart autumn news for teenagers. The dropped waistline is already established, with flares and pleats coming in strong. The pinafore dress is again current. All these are Australian Wool Bureau fashion designs, as are our fashions in the senior paper this week.



GAY all-purpose two-piece suit in hot-pink and aqua-striped wool. Skirt has si-ra-set pleats. Suit by Kenneth Pirrie, of Creations Pty. Ltd., Melbourne. Approximate retail price £13/13/-.



WAIST-SKIMMING dress in red wool. The sleeves have removable white cuffs. Pleats give a godet effect to the skirt. The dress is available in 10 high-fashion colors. Dress by Norma Tullo, Melbourne. Approximate retail price £11/18/6.



TAILORED straight-line pinafore. A pique blouse lends sparkle to the outfit. Ensemble by Norma Tullo, Melbourne. Approximate retail price of pinafore £8/10/-, of blouse £4/10/-.

Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

Smile will do

"I REALISE now that last year I made a complete fool of myself over a boy I hardly knew. Now the problem is: Should I recognise this boy if ever I bump into him again? I was never introduced to him."

"Concerned," N.S.W.

Recognise him. It is very silly not to. If you don't, you'll get yourself all worked up about it and life will be too difficult. There is no need to make the recognition an Academy Award job, just a brief smile is sufficient.

Prepare for dates

"I AM a girl of 17 and in my last year at school. I am very worried as I have not had any boy-friends. Most of my girl-friends, some of them younger and some older than me, have been going with boys for ages, and I feel like the odd-man-out. Is there any need for me to feel like this? I had a chance to go out with a man of 22 a few months ago, but my parents wouldn't let me as he has a bad repu-

tation and they thought I was too young. I entirely agree with my parents not letting me out with him because of his reputation, but do you think a girl of 17 is too young to be going out with men of 22, as my friends thought?"

"Wondering," Tas.

Schoolgirls, even schoolgirls of 17, are not what I call in the thick of the romantic beginnings of their lives, so I wouldn't worry unduly about your lack of boy-friends.

I say "unduly" because it's only natural to worry a bit when your friends all seem to be happily fixed romantically.

The point is, what is the best thing to do about it? Some girls in this situation get hysterical about it, others tell lies harder than they ever have before, adopting a "who cares?" attitude of complete indifference.

I hope you do neither. They are both silly. What you've got to do, in fact what any girl in a similar situation has to do, is get yourself ready for the dates that will eventually come.

You know you are attractive to men because you have been asked out by

this man of 22 (I think you are quite old enough to go out with reputable men of that age).

What you should do is make yourself even more attractive to men. It is simple. Brush your hair till it shines, be careful of your make-up all the time, see that your nails are clean and tidy, your school shoes heeled and polished, that you are wearing a cheerful expression, not walking round with a pulled-down mouth and a Dopy Dora look.

Boys should be only a secondary thing in your life this year with your final year of school coming to a grand examination crescendo, but start learning now just a few tricks that make you more approachable.

Don't surround yourself with girls all the time. Just forget that permanent walking-home-from-school date with your girl-friends.

Take up a sport that boys play, too. Tennis is a good one.

When you go out with the family or the girls, don't dress like a girl who hasn't a date. Dress yourself up so that you look as if you're ready for romance. Never go out in your most unfavorable dress with that good-enough-for-the-girls look.

Next time you see a boy you know, don't just say, "Hi," and walk on, use his name, saying, "Hi, Bill." He'll be flattered by the use of his name.

When next you go to a party, keep away from the girls. Don't sit in a heap with a protective circle of girls round you. It is better to sip a soft drink alone by the window than to get into a great gaggle of girls that only a superman would break into. In other words, make yourself easily available for boys to meet you.

And do try to be cheerful about everything. If you make the atmosphere round you one that boys like to be in, they'll join you. Try some of these tricks when you've got a chance. If you keep at them, you'll succeed.

Say "no" now

"RECENTLY my boy-friend invited me to a party which included tea. I was very embarrassed because of his terrible table manners. I did not want to offend him by remarking upon them, as I like him very much; yet I do not wish to feel so embarrassed again. Would it be better to refuse and hurt him, or go and not enjoy myself?"

"Doubtful," N.S.W.

Refuse his invitations. Bad table manners are one of the things that corrode love and add up over a lot of embarrassing experiences to the end of a relationship like yours.

It is better to refuse now. At this stage he might ask you why and you may tell him the reason. I think you should. I know it seems offensive and awful, but isn't it worth it, if you really do like him?

Writing wrong

"I AM a girl of 16. I like a boy who is going away for three years. I have no romantic ties with this boy, but would like to write to him. He is 17. I have liked this boy for three months. He has always said 'Hi' to me when we pass each other, but that is as far as it has gone. Should I write or not? If so, how would I end my letter and what would I say?"

S.E., N.S.W.

I'm sure I don't know. You'd have to start by saying who you are.

I can't imagine you are really serious about writing to this boy. You don't know him. Stop dreaming, be realistic, and realise that a boy who is barely courteous when you see him doesn't want to be embarrassed by receiving letters from you.

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

When to kiss?

"AT a party last Saturday I was fortunate to find myself a nice-looking girl. After having walked her home, I had a trying time while attempting to kiss her goodnight. Could you please give me some advice about how I should go about kissing her goodnight in the right manner? I am a boy of 15. Do you approve of kissing during a movie?"

"Nervous," S.A.

At your age, and I take it your girl is the same age, kissing shouldn't be a sophisticated movie-type production. As far as she is concerned, the quality of the kiss wouldn't be analysed. The fact that you did kiss her would be what is remembered.

I don't approve of kissing in the pictures, even in the back row. I think it's silly. It's uncomfortable, it's annoying to everyone round you, and you don't see the picture properly. Kissing is for after the pictures, in private, not during.

Waist slimming

"PLEASE describe some exercises to help slim my waist."

"Ann," S.A.

● Stand, feet together, hands clasped lightly behind the neck, keeping the head up and elbows well back. Bend the body from side to side as far as you can go until you feel the stretch down the waist muscles.

● Stand with feet astride and arms stretched above the head. Now bend forward and touch the left instep with your fingers. Return to starting position and bend forward and touch the right instep. Return to starting position and repeat.

● Stand erect, feet astride, and with hands clasped behind the neck. Jerk round to the left as far as you can from the waist up and return to starting position. Do three quick little jerks, returning each time to starting position. Then jerk to right three times.

● Stand erect, feet together, arms down at sides, palms inward, fingers pointed. With knees straight, slide your left hand down until you touch your left knee, then do the same with your right hand and knee.

● Sit on a straight-backed kitchen or dining-room chair with your back against the chairback and stomach muscles pulled back towards the spine. Let your arms hang straight down each side. Keeping the back straight, stretch down with the tips of the fingers on the right-hand side as far as you can go. (Five inches is a good stretch.) Do this three times right side, three times left side with left hand.

It is easy for me to tell you this, the hard part is for you to do all these exercises night and morning, ten times each, for two months. Yes, I said two months. At the end of that time you will have a waist, and you'll also have the exercise habit and keep on at it.

Work apart

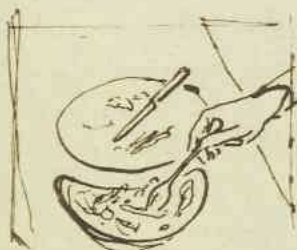
"WE are two teenagers, both in love with the same boy. We all work at the same store. We have started quarrelling over the boy and seem to be separating after being great friends for years. What will we do to stay friends?"

"Worried," Vic.

Both of you should look for new jobs and work at separate places.

TABLE MANNERS

SALADS



● Salads are often served to each diner in a small bowl with the meat course. Use the same fork to eat them as you use for the meat.



● Asparagus is eaten with the fingers, unless the stalks are too long.

● Continuing our series on problems of etiquette, adapted from the book, "Tiffany's Table Manners For Teenagers."



● If the asparagus is long and thin, cut off the ends with your fork held in the right hand and eat with your fork. You will thus avoid looking like a trained seal. Then pick up the shortened stalks in your fingers.



• Everybody admires fresh, youthful skin, and if you are willing to do right by yourself in the matters of upkeep and cleanliness, there's no reason why you can't have a skin that looks as fresh as a rain-washed petal.

FRESH AS A DAISY

By Carolyn Earle

A CLEAR skin has to be a pore-clean skin, so make a point of cleansing your face (your neck and back, too) tenderly but none the less thoroughly every day.

There's no place like home for this job, and you may use either cleansing cream or mild soap and water — possibly both. However, if you prefer the latter, it's very important to rinse thoroughly, since a film of soap left on the skin has a drying effect.

Use your hands for washing your face — it's hard to keep a sponge or face-cloth really clean — and rub in the lather with light upward and outward circular movements. Rinse off the soap with two clear waters and pat the face dry with a soft towel, using the same movements.

Cream-cleansing the skin takes a bit longer, but is definitely worth doing correctly because it's a life-long routine. Here's how:

First, place dabs of light cleansing cream on the cheeks (see sketch top right), chin, forehead, neck, and throat. With both hands, stroke in the cream over the whole area, not forgetting the back of the neck.

Do a thorough job and be as light-handed as possible — indeed, that's half the pleasure and

effectiveness of cleansing treatments of this kind. Never, on any account, drag the skin.

Next, using both hands in turn, work up and out on your neck (as in sketch lower right above), front and back. This movement spreads the cream smoothly and peps up circulation.

When the cream has been on your skin a full minute, remove it; pick up a tissue in each hand and wipe off in the same way as when applying cream. The rule here is to use two or three tissues, discarding them as they become cream-logged.

Incidentally, and just as a matter of interest, a good cleansing cream melts on the skin, but retains enough body to hold dirt and dust for tissueing off. It leaves skin clean, removes easily.

The final step is to wash off all soiled-cream remnants. Run some warm — not hot — water and make a good suds by using clean hands to whip up a lather. With this wash your face and neck thoroughly, but not harshly, then take plenty of time to rinse off every bit of soap.

Splash with cold water, dry with a soft towel, and your skin will be clean and feel marvellous.

If the skin is spotty, as even healthy young ones are apt to be occasionally, omit cream cleansing for the time being and use a skin-clearing lotion of some kind after washing.

PRIVATE EYE HAS NO SWEET COP!

• I see that business isn't the best for fictional private investigators.

APPARENTLY, private eyes have had too many apt pupils and the field has become overcrowded.

English author Mr. Norman Lee, creator of shamus Mark Corrigan, said this when he visited Australia recently.

Mr. Lee also said that, because there were so many investigators in the book business, Mark Corrigan would be in a different job in future novels.

This is bad news — not only for private eyes who might be finding it hard to get regular clients, but for many girls, too.

I refer, of course, to the girls who have had nice solid work in fiction as the female interests in thud-and-blunder 'tec tales.

Life looks like being pretty dull for many of these lasses.

As the ranks of detectives dwindle, there will be sad scenes in unused, cobwebbed offices...

Beautiful dolls, wearing long black veils that cover their faces (and short black skirts that uncover their knees) will rush into the musty mausoleums of mayhem seeking help.

Once they could count on answers to their problems, lights for their cigarettes, shots of scotch — and a few well-aimed passes.

Now what will happen?

There will be only a handful of leading detectives, who, rugged though they might be, just could not handle (and manhandle) the surplus of lovely clients.

No more, too, will pretty well any girl be able to shyly write in her diary:

"I walked into Peter Peeper's office. He said, 'I'll save your kid brother from the chair.' Then he grabbed his .38 from his shoulder holster and shot a bill-collector."

"He knocked my cigarette from my mouth with his bottle of scotch and kissed me. Hard. He just laughed when I told him I was the typewriter mechanic..."

Secretaries of retiring private eyes will also find they've lost easy jobs.

They did no shorthand, no typing, and, because of their employers' unbending (except for the elbow) drinking habits, no tea-making.

All they had to do was have secret crushes (unreturned) on their bosses, get jealousy sulky about the lush lady clients who took the investigators' fancies, and get held hostage by baddies trying to scare off the snoopers.

Though the girls might be sad about the trend, male assistants to detectives — such as Sherlock's Dr. Watson — no doubt would not regret the fading out of the tough private eye and his slinky sorts.

The Watsons of the investigation world have always known where women belonged in the game...

No place like Holmes.

- Robin Adair

ART THROUGH THE AGES

By Douglas Watson

Painting a dream-world

22. SURREALISM (20th century).

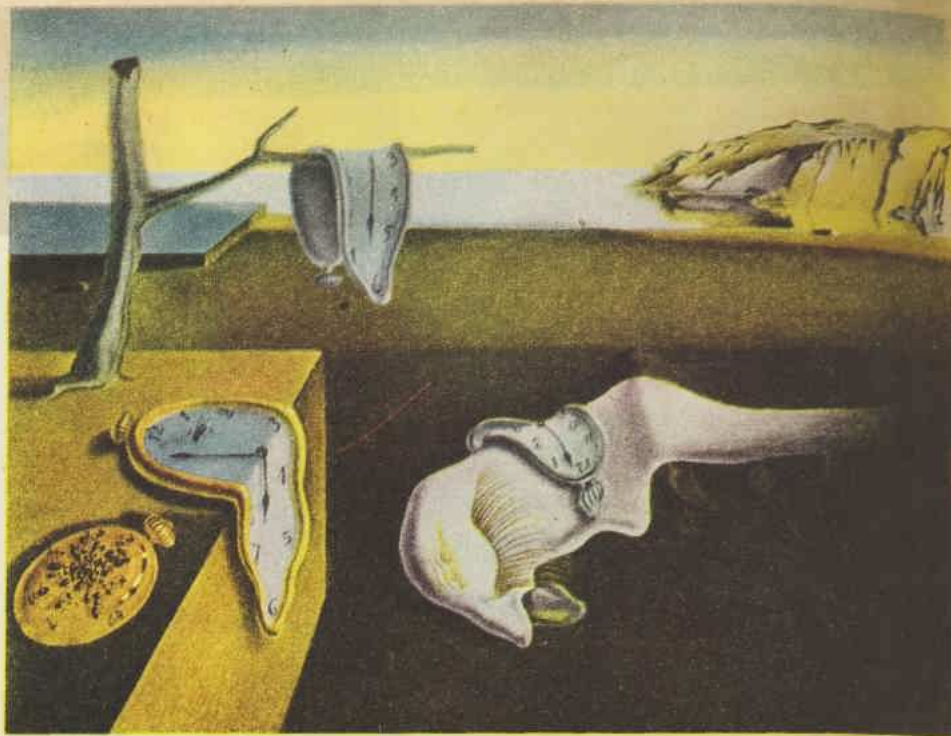
SURREALISM is generally associated with the 20th century, but it existed in different forms with much earlier civilisations, associating itself with magic, fantasy, and myth.

Ancient Egypt and Greece called upon their sculptors to carve awe-inspiring gods performing miracles. Hieronymus Bosch in the 15th and 16th centuries painted pictures involving sorcerers, demons, and monsters.

The Surrealists, in their effort to go beyond reality and so to extend the range of Man's vision, explored the dream-world.

Sigmund Freud, physician and psychologist, had explained how, in given conditions, the subconscious mind could reveal itself. The dream-world thus revealed could be interpreted by the irrational placing together of objects painted with intense realism.

A fine example of how this was done is shown in the picture reproduced—Salvador Dali's "The Persistence of Memory." The landscape is quite realistic, but the strange limp watches hanging over objects create a curious atmosphere—almost magical in its air of mystery.



"THE PERSISTENCE OF MEMORY," by Salvador Dali, from the Collection of the Museum of Modern Art, New York.

The innocent vision of children influenced these painters—vision not hampered by the familiar. There is frequently a strong literary suggestion — almost to the extent of the picture telling a story.

Some of the artists in this movement are Miro, Delvaux, Klee, and Ernst. Max Ernst's approach is ingenious and exploratory. His Surrealism is more complicated. It involves poetry and a wide range of

abstract forms — texture being used with great refinement.

Surrealism is essentially imagery in the true sense. Now universally accepted, it is a world-wide movement, with artists in Europe and America using its techniques.

NEXT WEEK: Abstract Expressionism

TEENA by Linda Terry



LISTEN HERE—with Ainslie Baker

Johnny Rebb goes back to America

● Johnny Rebb called in to the office recently to say goodbye before going back to the United States and to his personal contract with Pat Boone.

KNOWING what a fitness fanatic Johnny used to be in the old days (he played Sydney A grade tennis, basketball, and cricket), I asked him how he made out for exercise in America.

The lucky guy goes 10-pin bowling with Pat most Monday nights. And when the pair feel they need a real workout they get a crowd together, hire a school gymnasium, and play basketball.

People are always asking Johnny how it is he came to swing a personal contract with the American singer-actor.

As Johnny tells it, it's as simple as this:

When he was in Australia, Boone watched some local TV and saw Johnny performing. Later he met him, liked him, and then when Johnny looked Pat up in the States asked him to sign a contract.

The two, in fact, have a lot in common, and even live in the same residential district of Beverly Hills.

The American release of Johnny's new single for the Boone label (Dot), "A Letter a Day," was held up in that country so that Australians could hear it first.

When he gets back to America, Johnny (still a heart-free bachelor, he claims) will be going into his first hour-long, nationally seen "Pat Boone Show."



Johnny Rebb

CERTAINLY looks as though it's going to be a big year (see story about his big TV break on page 4) for Bryan Davies. His coming LP (his first, by the way) sounds as though it's going to be a beauty. It's a 14-track job, five of them with a big-band backing, four featuring string arrangements, and the remaining five are rocking items.

Local talent: Victoria's big-selling C and W balladist Kevin Shogog wrote both lyrics and music of his latest W and G single, "I'm So in Love With You" has a bright, country dance-style beat and some nice guitar work. The flip, "A Prayer For Baby," is a bit mushy but will appeal to some people. The great thing about Kevin is that you can hear every word he sings.

ANYONE wanting a souvenir of past times had better get hold of "Six O'Clock Rock."

WORTH HEARING

BEETHOVEN: Overtures

HERMANN SCHERCHEN, a veteran German conductor who specialises in modern and out-of-the-way music, conducts the Vienna State Opera Orchestra in an interesting record of Beethoven overtures, newly released by Westminster. Scherchen, typically, misses out the most famous of the overtures—"Leonore," "Fidelio," and "Egmont"—and concentrates on the undeservedly neglected ones.

The six overtures on the disc range from the relatively early "Prometheus," written about the time of the first symphony, to "The Consecration of the House," one of the noblest of Beethoven's late orchestral works, in which he pays homage to Handel.

There is also the overture to "Coriolan," the overture to "The Ruins of Athens" (the latter showing Beethoven in a somewhat more lighthearted mood), and two other later overtures that are too seldom heard—"King Stephen" and "The Name-Day."

—MARTIN LONG

Vol. 2 (Festival LP). The talent line-up reads: Lucky Starr, Judy Stone, Dig Richards, The Joy Boys, Judy Cannon, Rob E. G., Pam Liversidge, Warren Williams, and The Dee Jays, with Ray Charles and Chet Clark making guest appearances.

Pops: For those who go along with Mitch Miller and His Gang, there's still another "Sing Along" LP (Coronet). This one's "Your Request Sing Along With Mitch." "You're the Cream in My Coffee," "Sunny Side Up," and 12 other bright and breezy selections.

POUNCING on a song rather in the way a tiger attacks its prey, Sammy Davis Jr. lives right up to the billing on his Reprise LP "The Wham of Sam." It's swifty, too, as well as whammy, with "Lush Life," "Thou Swell," "Let There Be Love," and some pretty brilliant jazz talent (Jimmy Rowles, Shelly Manne, etc.) playing along with Sambo.

CLASSICAL pops ("Melody in F" and the waltz song from "La Boheme") are silkily blended with such starry-eyed standards as "Gigi" and "Easy to Love" into "More Music for Dining"—or just romancing to—by the Melachro Strings and Orchestra. (R.C.A. LP.)

AFTER varying success, his Reprise LP "Monday Every Day" should put Al Hibbler right back on top. It's an all-blues programme ("Baby, Won't You Please Come Home?," "The Party's Over"), and like all I've heard of this label's output so far, it's a class job, with excellent musicians.

Jazz: With "The Best of Barber and Bilk" on a Pye Goldengroove LP, it's bargain day in the "trad, dad" department. The Chris Barber Jazz Band takes side one ("April Showers," "Everybody Loves My Baby") and Acker Bilk and his Paramount Band take over on side two ("Dardenella," "Marching Through Georgia"). Nice and easy all the way.

Our pin-up: Handsome fellow (overleaf) as top singer Lucky Starr.



BALLERINA Geraldine Chaplin, 16 (right), with her famous father, Charlie, and mother.

A CHAPLIN, 16, IS NO COMIC

● Having a famous and wealthy father hasn't meant an easy life for lovely Geraldine Chaplin, 16-year-old daughter of the great Charlie.

IN fact, at London's Royal Ballet School, Geraldine puts in more work in a day than most other girls would in a week.

For as long as she can remember, Geraldine, who has her mother's dark attractive looks and her father's eyes, has wanted to be a ballerina. Her father, however, was opposed to her ambition.

But in a family so iron-willed someone had to lose out, and for once it was father. But not before he had agreed with the Royal Ballet School that Geraldine should be given no publicity and was to be treated exactly like any other pupil at the 100-strong school.

Life at the Royal Ballet School generally begins about 9.15 a.m., and the students face a long and arduous day until 5 p.m.

Lectures on art and musical appreciation also come into the training, and discipline at the school is strict. For a ballerina in the making, discipline is most important.

Many of the girls in Geraldine's class are foreign and all the girls at the school are from wealthy families. With fees at £50 a term plus living expenses for the girls, only the wealthy can afford the two or three years' training ballet requires.

Geraldine is in her first year and for her there's the constant grind of repetition in practising

steps and movements until they become second nature.

Geraldine seldom goes out in the evening after her day at school and generally retires early in the flat she shares with two girls. It's a hard and exhausting life, but for the daughter of the great Charlie it has all the dreams and hopes that he himself knew a long while ago. —BRIAN GIBSON.



I could hardly believe it,

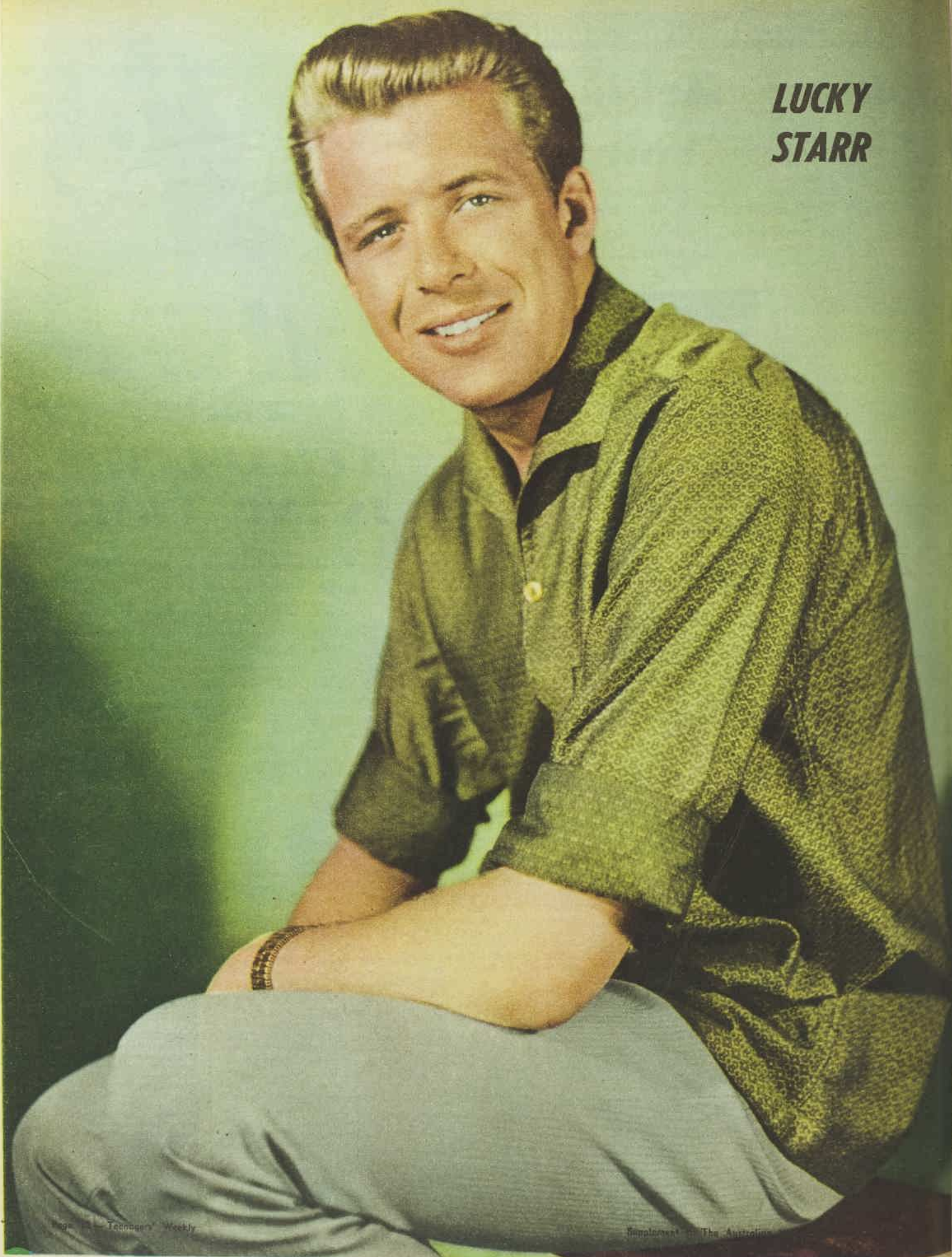
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**LUCKY
STARR**



Page 14 Teenagers' Weekly

Supplement to The Australian

NEW WONDER GIPS

LISA AND THE FOOD OF LOVE

I AM an Englishman. By this I mean, of course, that my mother was Welsh, my father born in Dublin, and my grandmother raised in Aberdeen. And, what's important to this story is that my stomach is English, too—a peace-loving, phlegmatic organ, unaccustomed to alarms and excursions, asking only to be supplied quietly with pale, unexciting English foods. White sauce, boiled potatoes, a suet pudding or two, the odd steak pie . . . that's what my stomach likes and that's what it got—until I met Lisa.

Now let's get this clear. Though English to the backbone, as I've said, I'm not one of those people who regard all foreigners with suspicion. I mean, people have to be born in other places as well and some are just less lucky than others.

Such as Lisa. Lisa was Viennese, and in a sense, I suppose, she never had a chance. I mean, while I was taking my first tottering steps along the promenade at Littlehampton (ah, those soft, pink blanchmanges, the baked beans in the snack bars, the digestive biscuits!), poor Lisa was presumably perched on the knees of some tante or other at Rumpelmayers, licking double cream off the Indianerkrapfen or dipping her rusk in the slivovitz.

When I met Lisa she was taking a language course at London University and acting as mother's help to a Mrs. Cotton, of Froggnal, Hampstead. Mrs. Cotton was a nice woman, but one whose enthusiasms ran to extremes. I forget whether she had seven children or eight; I only know that during our brief courtship Lisa was always at least waist-deep in little, bobbing heads.

It was perhaps with the idea of clearing a path to her that I rushed our marriage through the way I did. I had a steady job in a big estate office and, as for Lisa, I'd learnt everything I needed to know about her in a week: that she had a gold fleck in her left eye, that she pronounced my name (which is Paul) to rhyme with "owl," and that while

I could, at a pinch, have lived without her, I had no intention whatever of doing so.

So we found a little attic flat in the suburbs and one golden morning in October, flanked to the last by little Cottons, Lisa and I were quietly married in the local church. And I may say that even now, knowing what followed after, I can lay my hand on my heart—and even, if necessary, on my stomach—and say that was the best day's work I ever did. Lisa is . . . well, she is alive.

Lisa painted the sitting-room white and the bedroom yellow, plonked some rakish cushions on a studio couch she'd picked up cheap in the King's Road—and turned her attention to the kitchen. It was then that my Anglo-Saxon interior, scenting danger, gave its first anticipatory twinge.

For, after all, what does one need in a kitchen? A couple of saucepans, a chip basket, a steamer—surely that's all? So I watched with uneasy fascination as Lisa purchased wooden boards with little knobs on them ("It is, of course, to beat the meat," she said, surprised, when I inquired), iron cauldrons, crucibles, things that ground smooth, marble-savings.

Never did a kitchen look less like the smooth, labor-saving affairs one sees in the magazines. It looked as though, where cooking was concerned, Lisa simply didn't want to save labor.

My second twinge of anxiety occurred over the matter of Lisa's relations. Lisa's mother was dead and for some reason I'd always thought of her as something of a stray—unattached and unencumbered.

I was wrong. Lisa had a Tante Bertha who lived in Hitzing and a Tante Rhese who lived in Linz. Then there was her father's sister, Tante Gretel, who had married a Hungarian and lived in Budapest, and Tante Gretel's cousin, who came from Plotz. Her grandmother, it appeared, was still

To page 67

Such culinary
masterpieces must
surely win the
heart of the man
she had married

By Eva Ibbotson

Illustrated by Boothroyd



from page 32

Really. "Here's your breakfast," she said bluntly, and handed him the tray. She snatched up the flowers and went inside and ran water into the sink for them.

His voice reached her through the screen door. "Will you bring a cup when you come back?"

"Oh, sorry," she said, more to herself than to him, and took one off the shelf. Outside, she found him drinking coffee from one just like it.

"It's extremely good," he said cheerfully. "I thought you might join me," and he waved at the step where he sat.

"I can't do that," Barbara said.

"Why not?"

"Well—it looks funny."

"It looks funnier for you to be standing there talking to me without drinking coffee," he replied. "People will think you like my company."

Barbara laughed and held out her cup. "You are the limit." He filled it and she sat down, carefully remote.

The tramp fed some crumbs to Ginko. "You are a very bad cat," he said.

"Oh? What did he do?"

"It's what he didn't do. He hasn't caught a mouse in two years."

"How do you know?"

"I asked him," he answered steadily. "He says he feels sorry for them. Besides, he's studying Egyptian art. It takes all his time."

Barbara burst out laughing. "Eric would love you!"

He scowled. "Who's Eric?"

"My little boy, the youngest."

She measured him coolly. "You're either crazy or wonderful, and you don't quite look crazy."

"Oh, no," he assured her. "I'm wonderful. I have to be. You made me up, remember?"

"What else are you? You're not a tramp."

"That depends on your definition of a tramp," he told her, smiling, his teeth showing white in his brown face. "There was a woman once who thought

I was. I'm not a hobo, if that's what you mean."

"I'm sorry about the flowers then. It's just—Tom says every tramp from here to the Rocky Mountains has got this place marked. I do feed them, you know, and they must work a bit for it. That's my rule. Why did you come into the yard?"

"I saw you struggling with the sheet and I wanted to help, the way you hold a door for a stranger with an armload of packages. It's as simple as that."

She said slowly, "You're free, though, the way a tramp is—or a child."

"So are you," he said.

She shook her head. "No. Sometimes. But not all of me. It's hard. I fight with myself."

"I know," he said gently.

"I know." Watching her, he added softly, "What is it?"

"You," she answered.

"You're the wind, sitting on my steps. You're an autumn leaf somehow made human, blowing down a deserted street. I did make you up. What are you, really?"

HE chuckled. "It seems I'm a poet. Can you stand it?"

"I can stand it," she said.

"Are you good?"

"Ah—that's the question. I may be, but I've been teaching for twelve years, to make a living or something called a living. This morning I took one look at my university class—all those eager young pudding faces—and I walked out."

"Maybe," Barbara said softly, "you took one look at yourself."

The man eyed her a long moment and quoted, "I saw her on a nearer view, a Spirit yet a woman, too." What's your name?"

"Barnes. Mrs. Thomas Barnes."

"I mean your real name," he said.

"Why—Barbara. I'm called Barbie."

"Barbara suits you better."

"What's yours?"

"Travers."

"First or last?"

"Both. That's the way I sign my work. My mother called me Homer when I was small, but I discarded it."

"Might be a good sign, though," Barbara suggested.

He grinned. "It's a hopeful idea, anyway." There was a brief silence and then the man Travers said, "Barbara, do something for me. Give me this day, what's left of it. We belong, you and I, and we never got together. We never will, I know that—but here we are for a fragment of time. Let's make the most of it."

She looked at him. "What do you want me to do?"

"Come with me to the beach. We'll swim and eat and lie on the sand. We'll talk to the birds and hunt for starfish. I'll show you the most beautiful shells in the world. Will you come?"

She just looked at him. It was impossible, of course, but the idea was big inside her. "How can I?" she whispered.

"You can. If you will. You can call the university if you like. I'll give you the number. Or we can stop at the nearest police station and register our intentions. That might not keep you from murder, or whatever evils you conceive. There is some risk, I admit. But the good things always involve risk."

"That's true," Barbara said, and held her breath and let it out, and it said, almost in spite of her, "I'll come." She got up and took the breakfast tray into the kitchen. She could not think clearly, but she moved swiftly, automatically, as if she had rehearsed this many times.

She took her old blue swimsuit out of the bottom drawer—they couldn't swim in the Pacific this time of year, could they?—and pulled a light beige coat from the closet where her clothes hung next to Tom's. Tom—

She got out a piece of her best white notepaper and wrote on it.

Dear Tom (Dear, dear Tom, who loves me but doesn't know me): I've done what I know to be a foolhardy thing. If they find my body washed up on the beach, remember that I loved you all the ways a woman loves the father of her children. Goodbye, my darling.

She sealed it in an envelope and propped it against the electric clock she'd given Tom for their first anniversary. She thought about the children as she got a lipstick and a small purse out of a drawer, but there was so much she couldn't possibly explain. She shut the drawer and dropped the things into her coat pocket.

Without a

backward glance, she returned to the yard and the man called Travers.

He got up when he saw her and walked beside her to the gate.

On the street she halted. Parked beyond the hedge was a long dark green car, an expensive one.

"Are we going in that?"

"I rather thought we might. Would you like to hitchhike?"

She gaped at him.

"Don't look like that," he laughed. "I didn't steal it."

He dangled some keys before her. "Here. Take them."

"What for?"

"Get in. Look around. You'll find the ownership card and some personal papers and books. When you're satisfied it's mine and I have no arsenal in it, I'll join you."

She shook her head and pushed the keys away. "That's nonsense. I've either got to trust you completely or not at all."

"Good," he said, and opened the door for her. He drove fast, and expertly, through the traffic to Wilshire Boulevard, where he turned

To page 44

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51-62

To the woman who could weep because her skin beauty is drying out

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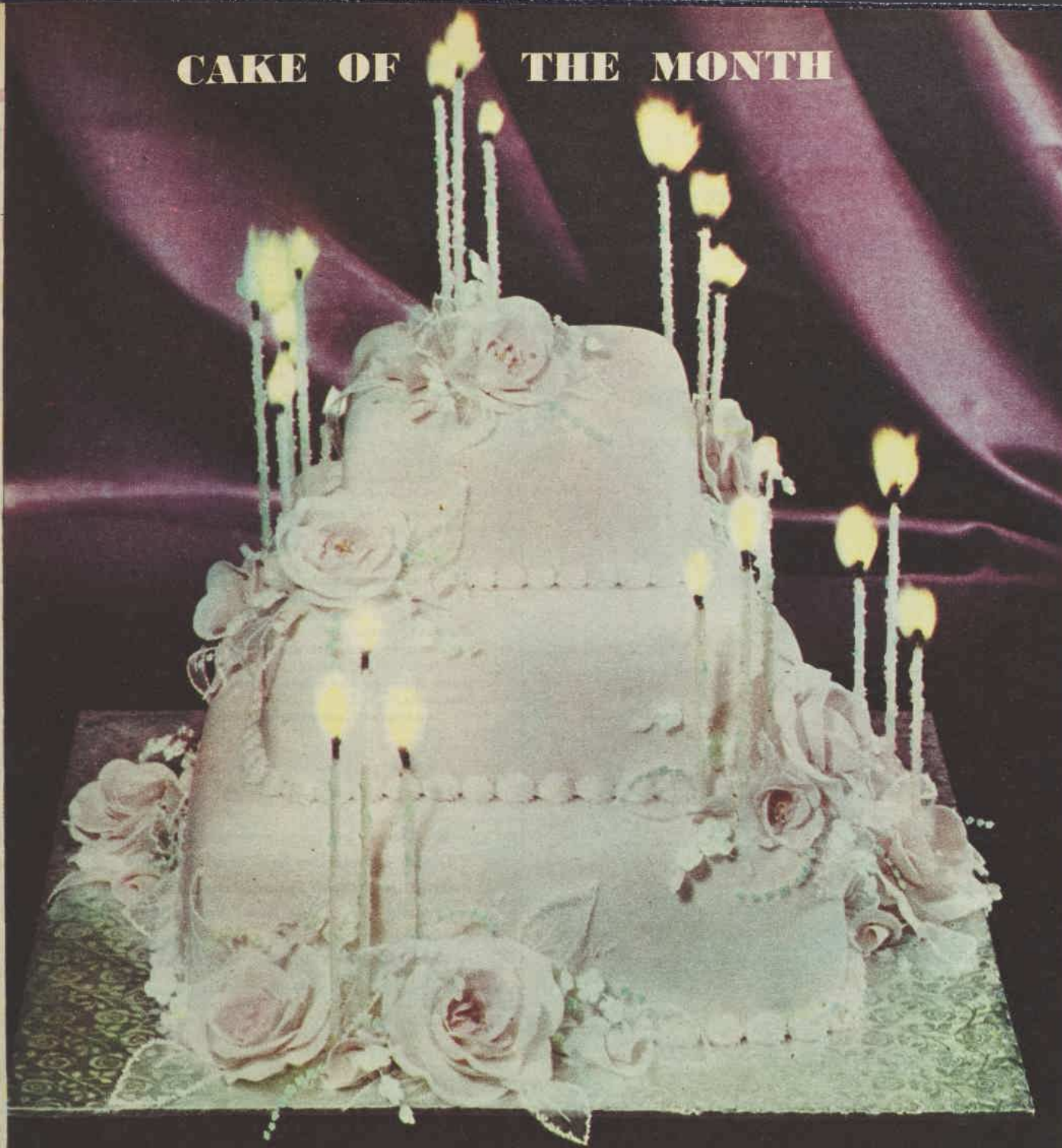
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CAKE OF THE MONTH



By LEILA C. HOWARD, OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERT

Three-tiered design for birthday

● Unusual American-style three-decker cake needs no pillars between the layers.

DECORATED tapers instead of the conventional candles are a feature of the twenty-first birthday cake above, which has no supports between its three tiers.

A tiered cake of similar design which we published last year aroused great interest. Here are directions for assembling and decorating this one.

Quantities Required: One and three-quarter pounds (butter quantity) fruit cake mixture to fill 3 square cake-tins (one 11in., one 8in., one 5in.), 4lb. (icing-sugar quantity) almond paste and 6lb. (icing-sugar quantity) soft fondant icing to give a good 4in. covering over each cake layer. For moulding the open roses, use 4lb. soft fondant blended with one quantity of firmer fondant (recipe given in our issue of January 17, 1962). For the piped apple blossom, forget-me-nots, leaf and taper decorations, and shell edgings, a 3 egg-white quantity of royal icing should be sufficient.

A small quantity of tulle for leaves, wire for blossoms and forget-me-nots, and stamens for the roses are also required. Depending on the height and number of tiers used, the covered baseboard should be 2in. or 3in. larger to give balance. Cover each tier with almond paste and soft fondant separately and allow to dry overnight.

To Assemble: Place sheet of thin cardboard (covered with waxed paper) the same size as each cake base between the layers. This enables the sections to be lifted off and cut separately without much damage to other layers. Neaten the join at each tier with shell edging.

Sixteen roses of varying sizes, 21 rosebuds, 24 sprays

of apple blossom, 28 forget-me-not trails, and 30 decorated tulle leaves are required for the cluster decorations, which are in seven groups each containing 3 thin tapers. Emboss tapers with tiny scroll and dot markings in pink and green royal icing to give the effect of a trailing flowered vine. Tapers on the cake above are cut in varying heights to add to the artistic effect.

Cut leaf shapes of varying sizes from fine tulle placed on waxed paper, make outlines and veins with fine writing-pipe and royal icing. Then set them to dry over a curved edge such as bottle or rolling-pin. After drying, peel from waxed paper and arrange round the roses on the cake, as shown above.

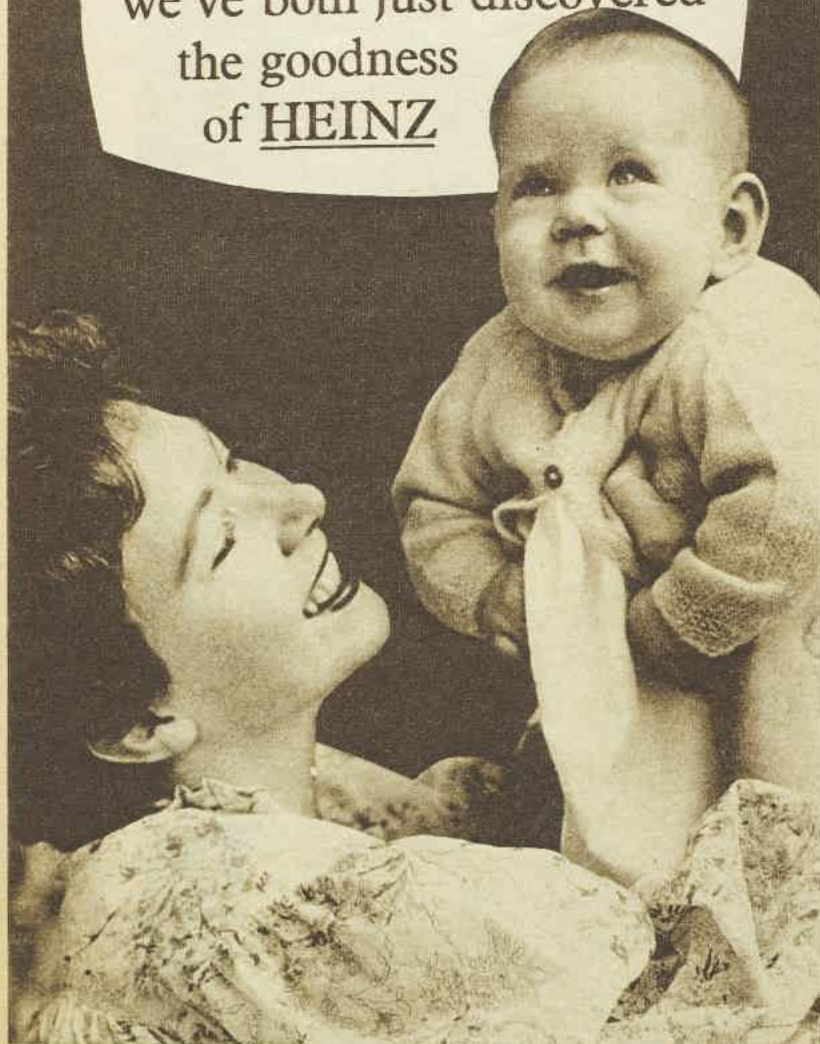
Give care and attention to the arrangement of each of the flower groups, because they can make the whole design appear soft and light or, if not well grouped, stiff and heavy.

When cutting the cake, slip a large knife or spatula under each layer and lift off separately. Should the top tier or tiers be required for keeping, a smaller covered board can be placed underneath and a new shell edge piped on.

The design shown above can be varied for other occasions. Minus the tapers and in different colors such as white with a touch of pastels, white with silver-tipped leaves, or pale gold with deeper golden roses, it could also be used for a wedding or wedding anniversary cake.

Black-and-white photographs of any of the cakes in our Cake of the Month series can be obtained from our Photo Sales Department, 195 Elizabeth Street, Sydney, at a cost of 5/- each plus 9d. postage.

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BABY FOODS

THE GOOD THEY DO YOUR BABY NOW — LASTS A LIFETIME



FRENCH RECIPES

● The book from which these unusual recipes are taken—*"Larousse Gastronomique"*—has been a classic of French cooking for almost a quarter of a century. Compiled by a famous French cook, Prosper Montagne, with prefaces by the celebrated Escoffier and Phileas Gilbert, it is a world authority on food, wine, and cooking.

This first English-language edition took three publishers and five editors four years to prepare. It covers the whole field of gastronomy from *A* (*Abaisse* — a term in pastry-making) to *Z* (*Zwieback* — a sort of rusk).

There are recipes for exotics such as Baked Bear's Paw, Spiced Alligator, Roast Camel, or Stewed Hippopotamus.

Kangaroo appears with one simple sentence—"The flesh of this Australian mammal is edible."

But listed among more than a million words are some excellent, straightforward ideas for dealing with everyday food—25 pages on Eggs alone, 11 pages on Lamb, 12 on Mutton, 18 on Beef, 11 on Pork, nine on Potatoes, giving more than 100 ways of serving them, 23 pages on Chicken.

Being a French book, there are 21½ pages of Sauces, five on Souffles, five on Eel, 22 on Soups of all nations, five on preparing Lobster, and seven pages of various ways to make Ice-cream.

There is a comprehensive Table of Measures and excellent charts showing cuts of meat.

Even if you are not particularly interested in cooking, there are fascinating passages on the History of Cooking from primitive times through the classical Roman era with details of their fabulous banquets.

"Larousse Gastronomique" (Paul Hamlyn). Price 120/-.

● These recipes are straightforward, yet unusual. Globe artichokes are available now in Australia, yet little is known about cooking them. Squid, much favored by many New Australians, is also available.

ARTICHOKES A LA DIABLE

Trim lightly the tips of very tender medium-sized artichokes. Remove the choke, blanch, drain, and fill the artichokes with a mixture of breadcrumbs, chopped garlic, capers and parsley, salt and pepper.

Put into a baking-pan with oil, packing them in rather tightly. Sprinkle generously with olive oil and season. Cook in the oven, uncovered, basting frequently.

When cooked, the artichokes should be crisp at the tips.

Arrange in a round dish and sprinkle with the oil in which they were cooked.

BENEDICTIN CAKE

One and a half cups ground almonds, 1 cup fine sugar, 4 whole eggs, 12 yolks of eggs, 1 cup minus 2 tablespoons of sieved flour, 2-3rd cup potato flour, Benedictine.

Put the almonds, sugar, 2 whole eggs, and 12 yolks into a bowl. Cream this mixture, working in a cool place and blending as for a sponge. When it is very smooth, add the rest of the eggs one by one. Incorporate in the mixture first a tablespoon of Benedictine liqueur, then the flour and the potato flour sieved together on a piece of paper. Butter square baking-tins, sprinkle them with flour, and fill two-thirds full with the cake mixture. Bake in 350deg. F. oven.

Take out of the tins as soon as baked and leave to cool on a wire cake-cooler. While they are cooling, about 10 minutes after taking them out of the oven, sprinkle each cake with about a liqueur-glassful of Benedictine and, as soon as they have absorbed this, cover the top and sides with a light layer of thick apricot jam.

Decorate all around the sides with chopped roasted almonds at about 1-3rd in. from the top. Leave the cake to get cold.

When quite cold, prepare a fondant icing of pale yellow color flavored with Benedictine, and pale mauve fondant icing. Ice the top with yellow icing and, with a forcing-bag, pipe the mauve icing, laying threads in a diagonal pattern. Trace a second row of diagonal threads at right angles to form squares. Decorate the middle of each square with half a pistachio nut.

Fondant Icing: Put in a basin 1½ lb. lump sugar. Add ¼ pint water and 1½ teaspoons glucose or ¼ teaspoon cream of tartar.

Cook over a high flame, skimming from time to time, until the sugar has reached 240deg. or soft-ball stage. Pour the sugar on to a marble slab or other cold surface. Let it cool a little. Work it with a spatula by folding the edges toward the centre until it is white and very smooth.

Put the fondant in a bowl. Cover with a damp cloth and leave it in a cool place.

To Use: Soften in a saucepan over a low flame, stirring constantly. Add a little sugar cooked to the short-thread stage. Color two-thirds of fondant yellow, one-third mauve.

BRANDADE DE MORUE

(Brandade of Salt Cod)

(Brandade, a method of preparing pounded salt cod, is very popular in Languedoc and Provence, France. Like many specialties of this region, this dish is flavored with garlic and is prepared by stirring vigorously and constantly with a wooden spoon, maintaining the same moderate heat throughout the operation and adding oil little by little.)

Wash and soak 2 lb. salt cod to remove salt. Cut into square pieces. Poach in water for not more than 8 minutes. Drain the cod. Skin and bone it. Flake.

Take a heavy flat-bottomed saucepan. Heat 1 cup olive oil until it begins to smoke. Put in the cod and add a small crushed clove of garlic. Work the mixture on the stove with a spoon made of very hard wood until it is reduced to a smooth paste. Turn the heat very low and keep on working the brandade with the wooden spoon, adding, a little at a time, 2-2½ cups oil. Still stirring constantly, add at the same time as the oil about 1½ cups boiled milk, poured in a little at a time. Season with salt and white pepper.

When ready, the brandade should have the appearance of a white paste, very smooth, with the consistency of mashed potatoes.

Serve the brandade in a round bowl or deep dish, moulding it into the shape of a dome. Garnish with triangles of sandwich bread fried in oil or butter.

FROM A FAMOUS COOKBOOK



● Our Cookery Expert, Leila C. Howard, chose these unusual recipes from "Larousse Gastronomique," the famous French encyclopedia of cooking.

CHAYOTES A LA CREOLE (Choko or Custard Marrow)

Divide the chokos into quarters. Blanch well in salted water. Put in a heavy frying-pan in which $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of chopped onions have been cooked in butter and oil (half and half). Add 3 tomatoes (peeled, seeded, and coarsely chopped), a bouquet garni (parsley, thyme, and bayleaf tied together into small muslin bag), and a minced clove of garlic. Cook with lid on.

Serve on a platter around rice; sprinkle with parsley.

FONDUE AU FROMAGE BRILLAT-SAVARIN (Cheese Fondue)

This dish of scrambled eggs with cheese was given by the famous French cookbook author Brillat-Savarin in his book "Physiologie du gout." He found the recipe among the papers of M. Trollet, bailiff of Mondon, in the Canton of Berne, Switzerland.

"Weigh the number of eggs which you want to use (one egg or two for each person).

"Take a piece of good gruyere cheese weighing a third and butter weighing a sixth of the weight of the eggs.

"Break the eggs and beat them well in a casserole. Add the butter and the cheese, grated or minced.

"Put the casserole on a hot stove and stir with a wooden spoon until the mixture has suitably thickened and is smooth. Add a very little or hardly any salt, depending on the age of the cheese. Add a good portion of

pepper, which is one of the distinguishing characteristics of this ancient dish. Serve on a lightly heated dish."

ICED APPLE A LA NORMANDIE

Scoop out the flesh of six large, sound cooking apples without damaging the skins. Immerse the hollowed-out skins for a few minutes in boiling syrup so that they are slightly cooked.

From the flesh or pulp make a mousse.

Fill the scooped-out apples with the mousse and chill thoroughly for about 2 hours.

Mousse: Rub the apple pulp through a sieve. Mix puree with 2 cups icing-sugar and 4 tablespoons kirsch or sweet sherry.

Whip $\frac{1}{2}$ pt. thick fresh cream until stiff and mix with the apple puree. Fill into scooped-out apples.

STRAWBERRIES CZARINA

Stand a silver dish on ice. Cover the bottom of the dish with a layer of pineapple ice-cream. Arrange large strawberries on this ice-cream, after they have been soaked in kummel (or brandy) and sugar and chilled.

Decorate with chantilly cream (see below) by forcing it through a forcing (pastry) bag with a large fluted nozzle. Sprinkle with candied violets.

Chantilly Cream: Put $\frac{1}{4}$ pt. of thick fresh cream in a basin. The cream should have been kept in a cool place or on ice for 24 hours if possible. Beat the cream until it doubles its volume. At the last moment

add 1 tablespoon of sugar and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon vanilla essence.

STUFFED CALAMARY (squid)

Take four squid, remove the black inkbag and the cranial cartilage. Remove the tentacles and wash the squid.

Put the body sacs flat on a cloth. Chop an onion finely, fry it in a few tablespoons of oil; add the finely chopped tentacles, 2 or 3 equally finely chopped tomatoes, season, and fry together. Soak a piece of French bread the size of a fist in milk, squeeze it out, and add to the frying-pan together with 2 cloves of garlic chopped with parsley. Blend well, moisten with 2 tablespoons hot water, add 2 or 3 yolks of egg, and remove from heat.

You should now have a forcemeat fairly thick in consistency and of good flavor.

Fill the squid up to three-quarters, sew them up to enclose the forcemeat, and put them one by one into a baking-dish with some oil.

Separately, fry a finely chopped onion in oil. Add a bayleaf, a crushed clove of garlic, and blend in a tablespoon of flour. Moisten with a glass of white wine and an equal quantity of hot water. Season with salt and pepper and leave to simmer for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Strain this sauce over the squid, sprinkle with breadcrumbs and oil, and brown the top in a slow oven. Serve at once with the sauce poured over.

The squid can also be stuffed with chopped tentacles and spinach.

WAYS OF DOING POTATOES

● Potatoes With Bacon: Fry 4oz. bacon, diced and blanched, in a fireproof casserole in 2 tablespoons butter or substitute. Add 10 small onions and saute.

Remove the bacon and onions. Put a tablespoon flour into the pan, allow to color slightly; moisten with $\frac{1}{2}$ cups stock (or water), season, add a bouquet garni (parsley, thyme, and bayleaf tied into small muslin bag), and bring to the boil.

Put 2 cups potatoes, cut to look like olives (or into quarters), the bacon, and onions into this sauce. Bring to boil, cover pan, and cook in a slow oven. Serve sprinkled with parsley.

● Potatoes Chatouillard: Cut the potatoes into ribbons, peeling them off spiral-fashion, $\frac{1}{8}$ in. thick. Plunge into deep fat, which should be hot but not too hot.

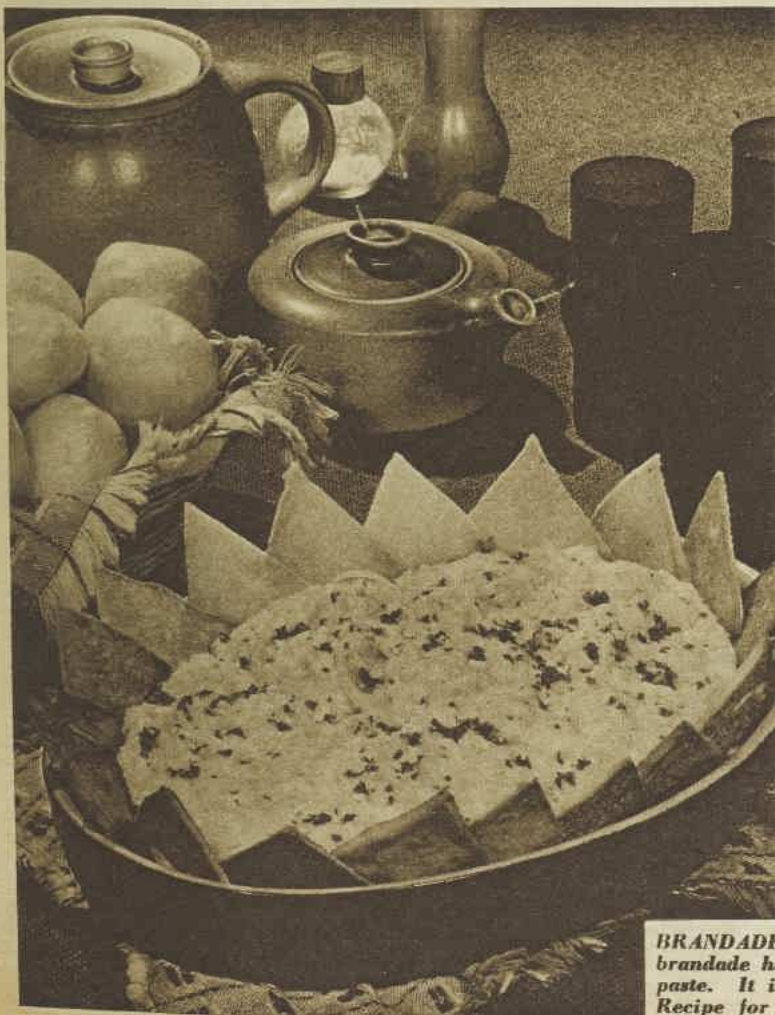
Heat the fat gradually and cook the potatoes until they begin to rise to the surface. Drain in a frying-basket. Season and arrange on a napkin or around grilled meat.

● Potatoes a la dauphinoise: Slice 1lb. potatoes very finely, put them in a bowl, and moisten with $\frac{1}{2}$ cups boiled milk with a beaten egg added to it. Season with salt, pepper, and grated nutmeg. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of grated gruyere cheese and mix. Put mixture into an earthenware dish, buttered and rubbed with garlic.

Sprinkle with grated gruyere cheese, scatter $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons butter in tiny pieces over the top, wipe the edges of the dish carefully, and bake in a slow oven for 45 minutes.

● Stuffed Potatoes a la cantaliene: Bake medium-sized, uniform-shaped potatoes. Cut a circular opening on one side and keep the cut-out pieces to use as lids.

Scoop out three-quarters of the pulp, taking care not to damage the skin. Mash pulp and mix with two-thirds of its weight of braised chopped cabbage. Sprinkle with grated cheese and brown the top.



BRANDADE DE MORUE—Brandade of Salt Cod. The brandade has the appearance of a very smooth white paste. It is garnished with triangles of fried bread. Recipe for the brandade is given on opposite page.

HOME HINTS

● These useful ideas to help housewives have been sent in by readers. Each wins £1/1/-.

KITCHEN woodwork stained by smoke and grease can be cleaned by painting it with a solution of starch in water. After the solution has dried rub it off with a soft brush or a clean cloth. This removes the stains but does not harm the paint. — Mrs. E. B. Clisby, 68 Central Ave., Finchley Park, S.A.

Prevent tangled wool when knitting a Fair Isle pattern by putting the different colored wools in a colander and threading each strand through a different hole before starting to knit. — Mrs. R. Heath, 65 Broadmeadow Road, Broadmeadow, Newcastle, N.S.W.

To remove white stains on furniture, rub the stains with a thin paste of olive oil and salt. — Mrs. M. Halse, 10 Loddon Avenue, Red Cliffs, Vic.

If white gloves are rubbed gently with breadcrumbs after each wearing they will remain clean much longer. — Mrs. W. Milne, Peddar Street, Campbelltown, Tas.

When sewing on a coat button, place a match on top of the button and then sew over it. When this is withdrawn you'll find that the button is not too tight and much easier to do up. — Miss J. Mittelheuser, 30 Anderson Street, Belmore, N.S.W.

In our house we have a "button bank." It is actually a glass jar with a slot in the lid. When a button has fallen off any clothing we just "post" it. — Miss Carol Morrison, 17 Fairweather Avenue, Woodville South, S.A.

To keep a check on the numerous raffle tickets that you buy and forget about, pin them to the calendar on the date they are to be drawn. — Mrs. H. Howson, 27 John Street, Cottesloe, W.A.

When I wash my black jumpers I rinse them in two lots of blue. They retain their black color this way. — Mrs. B. J. Rehn, The Point, S.A.

If you have a ball-point pen which still has ink in it but refuses to work, hold it point downwards in hot water for about 20 seconds. The pen will then work as well as ever. — Mrs. L. Payne, 4 Langdon Street, Sarina, Qld.

Old linoleum which has lost most of its color and freshness can be rejuvenated by going over the surface with a flannel dipped into a mixture of one part turpentine to two of olive oil. Shake well before applying. — Mrs. J. Butterworth, 149 Main Road, Ferntree Gully, Vic.

A simple way to give a fresh light perfume to clothes is to place a few (4 or 5) cloves in each drawer. This also acts as a deterrent to silverfish and moths. — Mrs. M. Ford, 53 Tasmania Circle, Forrest, A.C.T.

To keep a skirt from sagging when hung up by the loops, sew a couple of snap-fasteners inside the skirt band, back and front. Press together and the skirt hangs neatly. — Mrs. E. R. Waiter, 5 Proctor Street, Boyup Brook, W.A.

To cure drawers of sticking, rub coarse sandpaper along bottom edges and sides of drawers. Then smear a little wax polish on them. — Mrs. R. M. Lawson, 54 Sargood Street, Hampton S.7, Vic.



CUCUMBER RELISH makes a tasty accompaniment to cold meats. See the £5 prizewinning recipe on this page.

READERS' RECIPES

● A Western Australian reader wins the £5 main prize this week in our recipe contest for delicious cucumber relish.

CONSOLATION prizes of £1 each are awarded for recipes for a simple never-fail sponge and unusual chilli-flavored main-course dish.

All spoon measurements are level.

CUCUMBER RELISH

One pound apples, 1 pint vinegar, 1lb. onions, 1½lb. cucumber, ½lb. sugar, 2oz. salt, ¼ teaspoon cayenne pepper,

2 red peppers (seeds removed and chopped finely).

Peel, core, and slice apples and boil in the vinegar until tender. Mince the onion and cucumbers (peeled), add the sugar, salt, cayenne pepper, and chopped red pepper. Fold into apple and vinegar mixture, bring to the boil. Simmer 30 minutes, stirring occasionally. Remove from heat and allow to cool slightly. Bottle and seal.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. R. Neale, 83 Fairbairn Rd., Busselton, W.A.

NEVER-FAIL SPONGE

Three eggs, 2 teaspoons baking-powder, 1 cup sugar, ½ cup cold water, 1 cup flour, 1 tablespoon cornflour, fine dry breadcrumbs.

Separate eggs. Place egg-whites in basin with baking-powder, beat until stiff. Beat egg-yolks with sugar and cold water 10 minutes, fold in well-sifted flour and cornflour, and lastly beaten egg-whites and baking-powder. Fill into two 7in. sandwich-tins which have been greased and lightly sprinkled with fine dry breadcrumbs. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes or until elastic to the touch and shrinking very slightly from sides of tins. Turn out on to cake-cooler, allow to cool. Fill and top as desired.

Note: This quantity of sponge mixture could be baked in a ring-tin, two bar-tins, or a lamington-tin. If desired tins can be greased and dusted with flour instead of breadcrumbs.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. K. Mitchinson, 24 Wavell Rd., Kirton Point, Pt. Lincoln, S.A.

MEXICAN TORTILLAS

Tortillas: Four cups flour, 2 teaspoons salt, 1-3rd cup butter or lard, about 1 cup warm water, hot oil, 1 cup grated cheese.

Sift flour and salt into basin. Add butter or lard and mix in. Stir in enough water to make firm dough. Knead lightly on floured board until dough is smooth. Shape portions into balls the size of an egg, cover and let stand 20 minutes. Roll each piece into thin circle about 7in. or 8in. in diameter. Fry in ungreased hot pan until lightly brown (about 2 minutes on one side and 1 minute on other).

Chorizo Filling: One clove garlic, 1lb. minced pork, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 dessertspoon vinegar, 1 dessertspoon brandy, ½ teaspoon chilli powder.

Crush garlic, mix with remaining ingredients. Fry over medium heat until well browned, stirring frequently.

Mexican Chilli Sauce: Two small onions, 1 clove garlic, 3 dessertspoons oil, 1 dessertspoon flour, ½ teaspoon chilli powder, ¼ teaspoon oregano, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup tomato puree, water.

Chop onions very finely, crush garlic. Heat oil in saucepan, stir in onions and garlic, and cook until golden. Now mix in all remaining ingredients as smoothly as possible. Cook over low heat 10 minutes, adding just enough water to mixture to give consistency of thick sauce.

To serve: Dip each tortilla into hot oil, then into chilli sauce. Spoon some chorizo on top of each tortilla, cover with little chilli sauce, top with sprinkling of grated cheese. Roll up, arrange in baking-dish. Spoon little more chilli sauce over top, sprinkle with additional grated cheese. Bake in moderate oven about 15 minutes until cheese is melted.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. G. Tacon, 70 Hercules St., Dulwich Hill, N.S.W.

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THE C.O.D. CANNERY, NORTHGATE, BRISBANE, Q.

"Everyone was against our marriage"

● As a follow-up to a recent mother's story, "Would you marry a man 12 years younger than yourself?" (November 22, 1961), a New South Wales reader, who wishes to remain anonymous, deals with the problem of marrying a man much older than yourself.

TEN years ago (when I was sweet 21 and had seldom been kissed) I found myself in love with a 41-year-old divorcee and introduced him to my family as the man I intended to marry.

This was a real bombshell to my family.

They all liked him—found him quite charming, in fact.

But for me to marry him was unthinkable!

For one thing, he was "too old."

Secondly, a divorcee couldn't be a fit person to marry an innocent young girl with a sheltered upbringing.

There were other objections, too, but these were the strongest ones.

They warned me that if our marriage did take place it wouldn't last as long as his first one.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—March 7, 1962

"My husband was 20 years older than myself"

Also, as his ex-wife was obviously a nice, decent type of woman, the divorce must have been his fault. In fact, he was apparently a cad and a real Casanova.

My girl-friends warned me, too.

One friend said: "Keep away from that type. He doesn't drink, smoke, or gamble—and there isn't a man alive without some sort of vice."

Was it WOMEN, then?

Another suggested I was running a great risk in marrying a man I hadn't known long, especially a man past 40, who would be set in his ways—so why not try living with him on a trial basis first?

But this, we felt, was not the answer for us. Apart from the moral aspect of such a step, a "trial marriage" simply isn't binding; so it can't be a true sample of what marriage is like.

There were other warnings:

● "Think how great the age gap will become when he's an old man of 60 and you're only 40. You'll still be in your prime."

● Or: "He walked out on his first wife, you know; he's just as likely to do it again."

In the face of all this, my argument, that we loved and understood each other well enough to overcome any possible problems, must have sounded pretty weak.

But I had great faith in my man's strength of character and felt sure of his loyalty.

And I felt equally sure that there was no other man in the world for me, old or young.

Therefore, when faced with the alternative—break with my sweetheart or break with my parents—I asked myself, "Who needs me more—he, or Mum and Dad?"

He was very lonely and struggling to succeed in a difficult job; they were neither lonely nor struggling.

Had I stayed with them I would certainly have had financial security, and also the security of being surrounded by old friends, kind relatives, a well-planned existence...

But for the first time in my life, and faced with perhaps the biggest decision in my life, I flung caution to the winds and planned for our wedding at the earliest possible date.

By this time my parents were so worried they were taking drastic steps to prevent the marriage. They found enough suspicious circumstances in my man's past to make them desperate.

These two ordinary peace-loving people actually threatened him with violence if he so much as tried to see me again before a certain date.

They hoped that by that time my ardor would have cooled and that, instead of being swept off my feet, I'd be gathered back into the fold.

I know my parents' desperate stand was because of their concern for me, but it made me more determined and independent than ever. I went ahead with my wedding plans, but in secret.

We were married in a simple ceremony in a friend's home. Four of our close friends shared our happy day—and it was truly happy.

HOME AND FAMILY

If ever a bridegroom was nervous, mine was—nervous in case my parents should turn up unexpectedly and use "shotgun" tactics to stop the wedding. But nothing went wrong, and once the ceremony was complete we felt our worries were over.

We set up house without a dowry, without even a "glory box" or the usual collection of wedding presents. The few friends who knew of our marriage were as poor as ourselves. Love was the only thing we had in plenty.

At least nobody could say I had married for money. I'd heard the cynical saying "Better to be an old man's darling than a young man's slave." And now here was I, not only an "old man's darling" but an "old man's slave" as well.

My husband's first marriage had lasted just nine years, including those un-

happy years of drifting apart before complete separation.

Because of this, we looked forward to our ninth anniversary as a special milestone to be passed before we could say "we told you so!"

A few months ago we passed that milestone with colors flying.

Now, in our tenth year together, we both thank the lucky chance that first brought us together.

Our age difference has not been much of a handicap. Sometimes I wish I could bring back some of those "lost" years of my husband's youth to share them with him.

I even admit a twinge of jealousy now and then toward the girls who knew him as he was in those earlier years. But this doesn't mean much compared with the happiness of our lives together.

If any girl is wondering now if she could be happy with a much older man, these are the questions I think she should ask herself:

● Will I feel at home among his friends, men and women a generation older than myself?

● Will he be willing and able to do his share in helping me bring up young children 10 or even 15 years from now?

● Does he enjoy my pet sports or amusements almost as much as I do?

● Has he any good reasons to love me, apart from my youth?

● Do we both have an equal love and need for each other?

If you can say a definite "YES" to each of these questions, you should be able to say "YES" when he pops the question—and with just as much confidence as if he were "exactly the right age."

In fact, you're probably a very lucky girl to have met him.



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west. As soon as they left the familiar streets Barbara was assailed by doubt. She drew away into her own corner of the seat and folded her hands to keep them from shaking. "I must be mad," she thought. "I don't know this man or anything about him. How can I get out?" She made a mental note of where the door handle was.

At last they were caught by a traffic light and Travers turned to look at her. "Do you want to go home?"

"Home?" she echoed stupidly. She had not thought of home, nor of Tom, or the children, but only of her own strong fear, and she knew then it wasn't the man she was afraid of: it was herself. "No, thank you," she said politely. "It's just sort of wonderful and frightening to be — to be —"

"Doing something you've always wanted to?" he asked.

"Yes."

Continuing . . . AND SHARE YOUR SOUL

from page 38

He nodded and said nothing and the car moved on smoothly for another mile.

"Have you got a velvet dress?" Travers asked suddenly.

"Yes. Black, with a white silk collar."

"Get a dark green one, will you? With Irish lace."

"Why? You'll never see it." She was reminding him of something — it was like being realistic with Eric.

He made an impatient gesture. "There are ways and ways of seeing things. I've seen you before, you must know that. You've seen me, too."

"Not the way you look — the way you are."

"Of course. That's all we ever see. Clothes aren't important; it's how

you feel inside them that makes them memorable."

Barbara laughed. "I'll remember that the next time I go shopping. Don't buy a dress, buy a feeling."

"Exactly," he answered, his eyes on the road. "You must not mind if I talk a little disconnectedly. We haven't got much time, you know, and there's a lot to cover."

Barbara smiled and let her eyes go shut like a cat in a sunny corner, out of the wind. How could she possibly be happy, this happy? It wasn't civilised. But deep inside her was a low purr of contentment. "Sometimes," she said aloud, "I don't

believe anybody has much time because it doesn't exist, except this moment. There isn't any past or future except what you remember and what you hope. Time is just this one small piece of eternity." And she cupped her hand, as if to hold it.

He shot her a look of pure delight. "Barbara, Barbara," he said in his ragged voice. "I have known you five thousand years, in Bagdad and the courts of Kubla Khan and Athens and the Scottish highlands. You are lupines blowing in the fog and Sierra lilies in the high valleys and all the stars of the Milky Way. Can you understand?"

She took a long, deep breath, like someone drinking from a mountain spring. "Yes. Oh, yes."

They had turned into the Roosevelt Highway some miles back and now Travers pulled to a stop before a cross-roads store and gas station. "Do you like rye bread?" he asked prosaically, and they both began to laugh. There were a thousand questions implied in that simple query, searching for mutual likes and dislikes with which to build a bond, questions Barbara and Travers never would have time for.

"Cheese," Barbara suggested. "Old-fashioned rat-trap cheese. And sour pickles." She got out of the car and went with him.

In the store an ancient stove burned driftwood and gave off a slow, even warmth. As soon as you got out of the sun it was cool. The place smelled of clams and salt and cheese and leather and oil and dogs and the corn-cob pipe the owner smoked. He waited on them briskly, stuffing the things into a brown paper bag.

"Blow," he commented. "Yes," Travers replied, and looked at Barbara. "We like it," and her eyes agreed, and it was another bond, foolish and sweet.

They drove north again until they came to a long stretch of beach punctuated by a few craggy rocks, and Travers pulled off the road and stopped the engine. Immediately they could hear the sea below them. He reached into the glove compartment for an old blue bandanna. "You'll need this for your hair," he said, and Barbara accepted it. He got an army blanket out of the back and they took the parcel of food and scrambled down the short, steep embankment to the sand.

The wind was quieter here, passing over their heads to race about the open land above. Barbara opened her mouth and shouted in sheer gladness, like a child.

"What did you say?"

● To reply to a nasty remark with another nasty remark is like trying to remove dirt with mud.

— Spanish Proverb

"Nothing. I was just shouting for joy. Everything is so beautiful."

Travers spread the blanket near some half-buried timbers and weighted it down. He put their little heap of belongings on it and pointed at some big rocks fifty or sixty feet away. "That one's labelled 'Hers,'" he said. "I'll race you."

Margaret snatched up her suit and hurried over the unhelpful sand to the shelter of the rock, where it was cold and the sand was damp. She stripped out of her clothes and into her suit as fast as she could, but when she got back she found the poet had beaten her.

"It's not fair," she cried. "Men have less to take off and less to put on."

"Never mind, you're worth waiting for," he replied, smiling at her in a way that would have made her blush except that she felt so natural and easy with this man who'd known her five thousand years. He took her hand and they ran toward the breakers, laughing.

They swam only briefly—the water was so cold it made their limbs ache—and then came out and Travers said, "Get some clothes on while I start a fire."

Barbara went behind her rock and came back towelling her hair. There was a small, hot fire going in the V of the timbers, and the man was nowhere to be seen. She sat down and began unpacking the food, conscious again of deep happiness, and she looked out to the sea, knowing that this day had to last her for ever. There was solemnity but no sadness in the thought.

Travers returned, carrying driftwood. He sat down and said, "Hello, Barbara. Hello, darling."

They ate the plain food ravenously, and then Travers lay on his stomach, his chin on his folded arms, staring at the fire. Barbara sat with her feet under her.

"Talk to me," he said. "Tell me everything about yourself. What kind of a child you were, where you grew up, what makes you laugh, what you're afraid of, how old you are."

"I'm thirty-four," Barbara said, beginning at the end. "I'm bright, but I don't think I understand very much. I like music and painting and people, people who aren't all covered over with habits and pretensions. I liked the old man in the store back there. He had

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KNIT FOR FUN AND FASHION

Continuing . . . AND SHARE YOUR SOUL

from page 44

"Yes," the man said. "Sooner or later, for all of us."

"Then that's the meaning of autumn," Barbara whispered. "Loneliness and truth. I wish I'd known it sooner."

"One thing at a time," Travers said. "We all have to live at our own pace." He paused. "It's late."

She glanced at the long shadows. "Oh, no! The children will be home from school. I've never been away before. I must hurry."

They put the fire out with sand and picked up their gear and went, hand in hand, toward the car. At the top of the cliff Barbara looked back at the beach, the sea, the rocks. There was only the voice of the surf and the cry of gulls.

Travers tugged at her hand a little. "Don't look back," he said.

They drove home fast and, once, when a red light stopped them the poet looked at her in the fading light and said, "Come here."

She moved over to him and he put one arm around her, and she stayed. "What will you do?" she whispered.

"I don't know," he said. "I'm not going back to teaching. There are things I have to find out. I'll work in the desert maybe, or a logging camp, or maybe I'll head east. I have some money and no ties. I'll write, and I'll either fail or succeed."

Either way, I'll know what I have to know."

Barbara was almost shocked as the car rolled to a stop beside a kerb she recognised as her own. It was nearly dark. She pulled away and looked a long time at the man called Travers. "Goodbye," she said. "Go with God."

He pulled her into his arms and kissed her hard on the mouth, and she felt the scratchy beard. Then he released her and reached across her to open the door. "Get out, quickly," he said. "If you love me, go quickly. And don't look back."

Barbara's eyes searched his, and then she turned and ran.

The kitchen was brightly lit and all three children sat at the

table with empty milk glasses and a plate of cookie crumbs. Brock was reading comics and Gwen had a teenage magazine for girls. Eric was running a little car around the back of the booth.

"For crying out loud!" Brock said, "what's the matter with your hair?"

"Mother," Gwen protested, "where have you been?"

Eric said, "Hi. We looked every place for you."

Barbara looked at the familiar kitchen, the children's dear faces, and thought, "I made it up. It wasn't real. It's just the weather."

Then she saw the tray on the sink-board with the unwashed dishes and in her hand an old blue bandanna.

"It doesn't matter," Barbara said, holding the bandanna against her face. "I'm back now."

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Page 45

a red setter dog — did you see him? Somehow that told me a lot of things, things maybe he wouldn't want me to know. But that's liking people, isn't it?"

"It is, indeed. Go on."

"Well, I like the milkman. Sometimes I give him coffee. He isn't supposed to stop, but he does."

"Is he a tramp?"

She laughed. "No. He can sing, but he never had the money to train his voice. He sings for his lodge, though. I like Mrs. Harrington. She's rich — she's got piles and piles of money—but I like her, anyway. I met her in the library. She has sixteen grandchildren and twenty-five great-grandchildren, and no just plain children left at all. Isn't that strange?"

"A bit," Travers agreed. "What else?"

Barbara went on, telling him the things she'd never said to any human being, about the dead man she'd seen once when she was small, and how she was afraid of being punished for it, though it was an accident; about her fear of lizards, which made no sense because she wasn't half so afraid of snakes; about the good feeling a woman has when her cupboard is stocked with food; about her feeling of having talked with poets and philosophers when she read something in them she'd always thought.

After a time Travers said, "What about your marriage? Why was it Tom?"

She thought for a moment. "He's a good man, and I wanted the things a woman wants," she said. "A grey-and-yellow kitchen, and a living-room where people can come, and children. And I love him. I really do, even as I love the children—and a little bit in other ways. It's funny about the children. I could hardly wait for them to get big enough to talk to, and now they are and we almost never see each other. Gwen calls me 'Mother' in that exasperated way, as if I weren't quite bright."

"But there's Eric," she added. "He's special. I don't know why. He thinks the way I do—I think. I keep reminding myself not to expect too much. It isn't fair to him. Being married—is real and yet it's like being a character in a play. And when you're offstage you're somebody else. I guess you are yourself. But I'm committed now."

"Are you?"

SHE matched his look. "Oh, yes. I could never be the way you think I am, not all the time. Maybe I could have once. Yes, I think so. But not now. It's too late."

"I know," Travers said softly, his green-brown eyes on her face. "Some day, in some way I can't describe to you, but trust me, it's real — we'll have our time together. There'll be a city, like Paris perhaps, and we'll live in it. The food will be plain, like this, and whoever gets hungry first can fix it. We'll have half a dozen children, some of our own, probably, but others, too, who like us and want to come with us. It isn't blood that relates people."

"It's thinking and feeling — like your little Eric. We'll go to the mountains and the sea, and we'll fill our house with music and pictures and people and laughter."

Suddenly Barbara was crying slow, quiet tears that slid down her face.

Travers did not touch her. "Darling, don't cry. There are centuries ahead."

She blotted her face with her hands and sniffed. "I was thinking about a little girl — me. It was in the middle of summer and I was playing with my dolls in the spare bedroom upstairs. There was a big box under the bed, like a suit-box, only bigger, and I dragged it out, looking for scraps to make doll's dresses. Inside there was a red suit with white fur trimming. I knew what it was, but I didn't want to know. Then I saw the boots and a mask, and I gasped, and I shut the box quickly and shoved it under the bed as far as I could, and ran."

"I never played in the spare bedroom again, and when Christmas came I pretended for my parents that I believed in Santa Claus still. I had to, they were having such a good time. It was three years before I told them I knew, and I never did say how I'd found out."

Travers asked softly, "And what now? Why does that make you cry?"

Barbara stared at the fire. "I've opened the box again, today. I don't want to admit it, not for a long time yet. I want to see Gwen in her party dresses and the boys married to nice girls. I'd like to be a grandmother. They need me, and a woman needs to be needed, and she's grateful when she is. But some day, sooner or later, there'll be just me."

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Page 46

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AT HOME *with* Margaret Sydney

● I've been reading a book about English governesses, which prompted me to look in a recent Saturday paper to find out just what the governess situation is today.

THERE was only one advertisement in the "Wanted" column, and this was for a bright, intelligent young girl to supervise correspondence lessons for two country children, aged seven and nine.

The pay was good, and, as extra inducements, there was golf, swimming, tennis, and riding and the use of a car occasionally to any applicant who had a driving licence.

What a change from the days when governessing was the only profession open to women of "good family" and no means; when the governess was neither fish, fowl, nor good red herring and inhabited a lonely niche midway between her employers and the servants.

She was on duty from seven in the morning until 11 at night, expected to mend for the family as well as teach it, paid perhaps £30 a year (with her wages often several quarters in arrears), and often treated with a great deal of rudeness and disdain by her pupils and their parents.

Behave demurely and soberly

In the 1840s an average of 100 governesses a day advertised for positions in the London "Times," offering to teach, as well as the three R's, French, German, Music, Painting, Needlework, Embroidery.

They were expected to dress in plain, dark colors and to behave demurely and soberly.

If they had the misfortune to be young and pretty they had to conceal it, because the governess wanted in most households was a good, plain, honest woman "of sad age."

And in those days, I suppose, you were of pretty sad age if you were unmarried by the time you'd reached 28.

The three wonderful Bronte sisters, Charlotte, Emily, and Anne, got tired of going out to be snubbed and over-worked in other people's houses and put out a prospectus offering to take young ladies into their own home at Haworth, near Bradford, to be educated.

Their fees were £35 a year for board and education, including Writing, Arithmetic, History, Grammar, Geography, Needlework.

French, German, Latin, Music, and Drawing were extras, at one guinea per quarter, and there was also 5/- per quarter for the use of Piano Forte and 15/- for washing.

The prospectus said, "Each young lady is to be provided with one pair of sheets, pillow-cases, four towels, a dessertspoon and teaspoon."

Now, how did they manage with one pair of sheets? Sleep in them for the whole three months and put them to the wash at the end of the term?

Brightening up the cold joint

I'VE just been given a recipe that's fine for using up ends of cold meat, if you like your food fairly sharp and strongly flavored.

At the beginning of the summer I can get away quite often with salad and cold meat for dinner at night, but by this time of year everyone is beginning to get tired of that, and it still seems too hot for potato pies and dishes of that sort.

For this dish (called for some reason "Mock Venison") you need an onion, a clove of garlic, a lemon, two tablespoons of sherry, one tablespoon of mushroom ketchup, one tablespoon marmalade, salt, pepper, and the remains of a joint (preferably cold leg of lamb, I think, but it would probably taste almost as good with cold beef).

You make a marinade of the chopped onion and garlic, the marmalade, the sherry, the ketchup, salt, pepper, and the juice of the lemon.

Stir it well until the marmalade has dissolved in the other liquids, then slice all the lean meat off your joint, put it into the marinade, and let it soak for anything from half an hour to three hours, depending on how long you've got before the family comes clamoring in to be fed.

Then you take the meat out and drain it so that you collect all the marinade liquid; make a sauce by browning a tablespoon of flour in a tablespoon of fat and stirring in the marinade liquid.

If it makes too thick a sauce, you can add a little vegetable water.

Then you put the meat back into the sauce and heat it either very gently on an asbestos mat on top of the stove or in a fireproof dish in the oven at a low heat.

Dog won't eat gristly meat

LAST night while I was cooking and Katherine was feeding the animals she came to one of those great gristly lumps of hide and sinew that spoil every parcel of edible meat.

She tried it on the dog, but he turned his head away in disgust.

"None of them will eat that, and you can't put it in the rubbish tin because it'll go bad," I said.

"You'll have to find the spade and bury it."

Imagine my horror when Kat picked up this revolting lump of meat and slung it out the kitchen door into the middle of the back lawn.

"Just wait," she said when I began to protest. "This is a magnificent labor-saving scheme I discovered while you were on holidays. Jerry doesn't want the meat himself, but he can't bear the idea that the cats might get it."

Sure enough, Jerry had scooted down the path, picked up the meat, and disappeared through the back gate into the lane and then presumably into someone else's garden.

Five minutes later he was back with his nose liberally coated with someone else's well-dug soil.

"I've invented a new proverb," Kat said smugly. "Why keep a dog and dig your own holes?"



● Intricately designed table.

Could you give me some information about my table, please? It is silver-colored, very heavy, and with an intricate design. There is a hole in the centre of each medallion on both tiers and a hole in the centre of each side on the top tier. The marking on the bottom tier is 1835 Mustershmid. — Mrs. R. J. A. Travers, Tara, Qld.

This interesting table bearing what appears to be the maker's mark was probably made about 1850 or a little earlier. It is difficult to decide whether it is nickel-plated iron or plated white metal called German silver which was not fully accepted until about 1835.

I suggest you use a magnet to test whether your table is iron. This type of table was usually made to support an oil lamp, hence the holes as shown in the photograph above.

* * *

My heavy, dark green bronze ornaments have a crowned head under the lip. Could you tell me something of their origin? — Mrs. H. Moss, Narromine, N.S.W.

Your ewer-shaped ornaments are French spelter bronze and are about 80 years old.

* * *

My 10½-in.-high silver candlesticks are marked James Deakin and Sons S1461 and have an engraved lamp on the base. How old are they, please? — Mrs. W. Gilchrist, Kandos, N.S.W.

Your candlesticks are not silver but E.P.N.S. (electroplated nickel silver) and were made in England about 1870. The turned "pillar" candlesticks of this type were popular in England from about the 1760s. However, your pair displays a solidity of character typical of the 19th century.

* * *

I have a decanter and six glasses about which I would like some information. They are patterned in blue over silver, and are very fine glass. — Mr. C. M. Robertson, Canberra.

This attractive Venetian-type decanter (shown below) with matching glasses, embellished with a silver pattern, is late 19th century in character (1865-90). These sets were usually made with a matching glass tray of circular form. This type of set has also been reproduced by the fine-glass makers of this century and some similar sets were made in America about 30 years ago.



● Decanter and glasses.



● Fisher-girl ornament

COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Expert Mr. Stanley Lipscombe answers readers' questions about their antiques.

I have a fisher-girl ornament with a dull finish and gold trimming. The only marking is 3582. I would like to know its age and origin, please. — Mrs. P. Compton, Carlton, N.S.W.

The figure of a fisher-girl on rocks (shown at left) is Austrian and was made about 1900. This type of ornament was very fashionable in Edwardian days.

My earthenware vase is 10½ in. high, has Chinese symbols and a scene etched on it. The handles are in the form of gnarled branches. Could you tell me its age and origin, please? — Miss J. Davis, Vic.

Your Chinese bottle-shaped vase (shown at right) with spreading rim is late Ch'ing and was made during the last quarter of the 19th century.



● Chinese earthenware vase.



Smokay: smoked "ham" flavour

Sandwich Relish: gherkin flavour

Cream Cheese Spread: creamy-rich

Cheddar Cheese Spread: smooth, mild

Danish Blue: tangy-sharp taste

Gorgonzola Cheese Spread: rich nippy

Cheez Whiz: spoon it or spread it

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you'll love a Berlei bra

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Berlei "Sheer Magic" . . . the 5-way bra with the shape that never changes. Sheer, fairytale contouring — no foam, no bones or padding — yet on or off you, you and the bra are shaped forever. Underwired cups, convertible wide-apart straps shape you to the most alluring line of your life. 800, 30-38", A, B, C 52/6.

Berlei
HOLLYWOOD VASSARETTE

Berlei
SHEER MAGIC

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Kraft GRUYERE SLICES
Discover delicate nut-sweet flavour.

Give your family a wonderful new taste-experience in cheese — Kraft Gruyere Slices. Set up a snack luncheon out-of-doors — a variety of breads, tomatoes, cucumber, lettuce, and a package of Kraft Gruyere Slices. Discover the delicate, slightly nut-sweet flavour of finest Swiss cheese. Your whole family will love this new cheese flavour from Kraft.



Kraft OLD ENGLISH SLICES
Like a slightly stronger flavour?

Australia's favourite cheese variety, Cheddar, came from England. Now Kraft master cheese-makers in Australia have perfected a special Cheddar with a slightly stronger flavour — deep-golden in colour, smooth textured, full of flavour. Try hearty Old English Slices in sandwiches or for supper snacks.

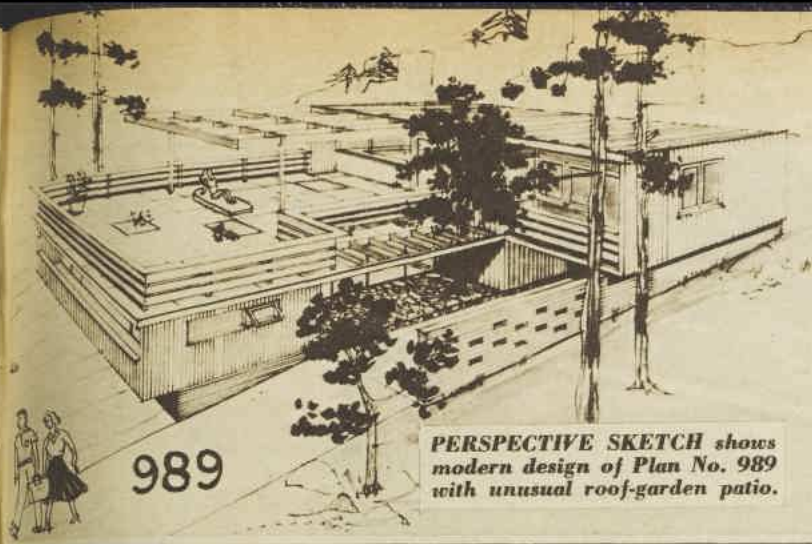


Kraft WELSH RAREBIT SLICES. Try them pan-fried!

Here's the wonderful two-minute way to enjoy the authentic spicy flavour of Kraft Welsh Rarebit Slices. Put a Welsh Rarebit slice between 2 slices of buttered bread. Butter the outside of the sandwich and place in a heated frying pan (no oil needed, the butter fries it). Fry both sides. Serve piping hot.



8 big slices in every packet of **KRAFT** Slices



989

PERSPECTIVE SKETCH shows modern design of Plan No. 989 with unusual roof-garden patio.

ARCHITECT-DIRECTED

Home Plans Service

● A two-level design for a steeply sloping site, Plan No. 989 features an unusual but practical roof-garden patio.

THIS patio is an ideal spot for family recreation, particularly on a block of land which is not suitable for lawns and gardens.

Opening on to the roof-garden is a spacious living-room, 24ft. by 16ft., and this room has its own small balcony separated from the main patio by the stairwell.

A compact kitchen overlooks the patio on one side and on the other leads into the laundry, which has access to the back garden by a ramp bridge.

The lower level of Plan No. 989 has three large bedrooms, a bathroom, large playroom (22ft. x 12ft.), and a garage.

The first and second bedrooms open on to a sundeck and all three bedrooms have large built-in wardrobes.

Entrance to the house is from the lower level either through the main lobby or from the carport.

The exterior of this interesting house is simple and modern, with a flat roof and overhanging eaves. It is suitable for brick or timber construction, and in timber will have an area of 13 squares.

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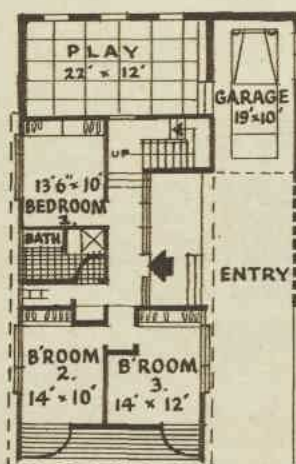
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989



FLOOR PLAN shows two levels, with patio and living area on the upper level—bedrooms, bathroom, and play area beneath.

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Enough for at
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 7, 1962

Page 51

hold
it
lady!



Rain or shine, *Gossamer* keeps your hair beautiful all the time!

No gone-with-the-wind look for you when you use Gossamer. Even on damp and blustery days, your hair doesn't fly away. Gossamer just won't let it. Gossamer holds your hair . . . cares for your hair without a hint of lacquer. Gossamer contains Lanolin Esters to nourish and give your hair a healthy, natural gloss. Wherever you go, whatever you do, Gossamer will keep your hair

beautiful all the time. The man in your life will love you for it.

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Gossamer 'Invisible Net' — for hard-to-hold hair and hard-to-hold hair styles.

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Both come in three sizes:

purse size, 8/6 . . . medium size can, 10/- . . . large salon-size can, 16/6.



HOLLY: LOVELY EVERGREEN

● Shining evergreen leaves, fragrant flowers, and bright berries give hollies year-round value.

GARDENING

HOLLIES are not, perhaps, as popular in Australia as they might be, probably because in the southern hemisphere the berries do not appear at Christmas.

This is a pity, for hollies have been called the most useful of evergreens.

Beautiful as an informal windbreak or lawn specimen, they are also invaluable as clipped hedges because of their strong spines and dense growth. In the right conditions they can even become a tree 80 feet high.

Hollies are usually grown from cuttings taken now, and are easy to strike. They should be planted in early autumn.

There are a large number of forms in cultivation, varying mostly in the shape and size of the leaves, and whether or not they have spines. The color of berries and flowers also varies, and most particularly the color of the leaves.

The common holly has shiny dark green leaves with spined edges, but there are varieties with silver-, gold-, and white-margined leaves.

Sun or shade

Hollies will survive and flourish anywhere, in full sun or heavy shade. They are not particular about soil. But the ground should be dug deeply before planting and enriched with well-rotted manure.

As they are mostly cool-climate plants, they should not be allowed to dry out in summer. Plenty of water and a compost mulch work wonders.

Berries are usually borne only by the female plant. If they are particularly desired, it will either be necessary to plant at least one specimen of each sex or to buy a specially grafted bi-sexual variety.

Good types are: *Ilex aquifolium argentea marginata* (broad silver leaves), *Ilex aquifolium aureo marginata* (gold-margined leaves), *Ilex aquifolium albo marginata* (white edges), *Ilex aquifolium "Golden King"* (bright yellow edges), *Ilex aquifolium fructu-luteo* (green, with yellow berries), *Ilex altacelerensis* (dark leaves, purple bark, very vigorous), *Ilex camelliae-folia* (camellia-like, spineless foliage), *Ilex hodginsii* (large leaves, purple stems), *Ilex wilsonii* (very glossy spiny leaves, green bark), *Ilex ferax* (vicious spines on silver or gold leaves), *Ilex cornuta* (Syn. *chinesis* - Chinese holly; square leaves, berries in large clusters), *Ilex crenata* (Japanese holly; small leaves, black berries), *Ilex paraguariensis* (small wavy leaves, green flowers, small red berries close to stem, which are used to make the South American "mate" tea).



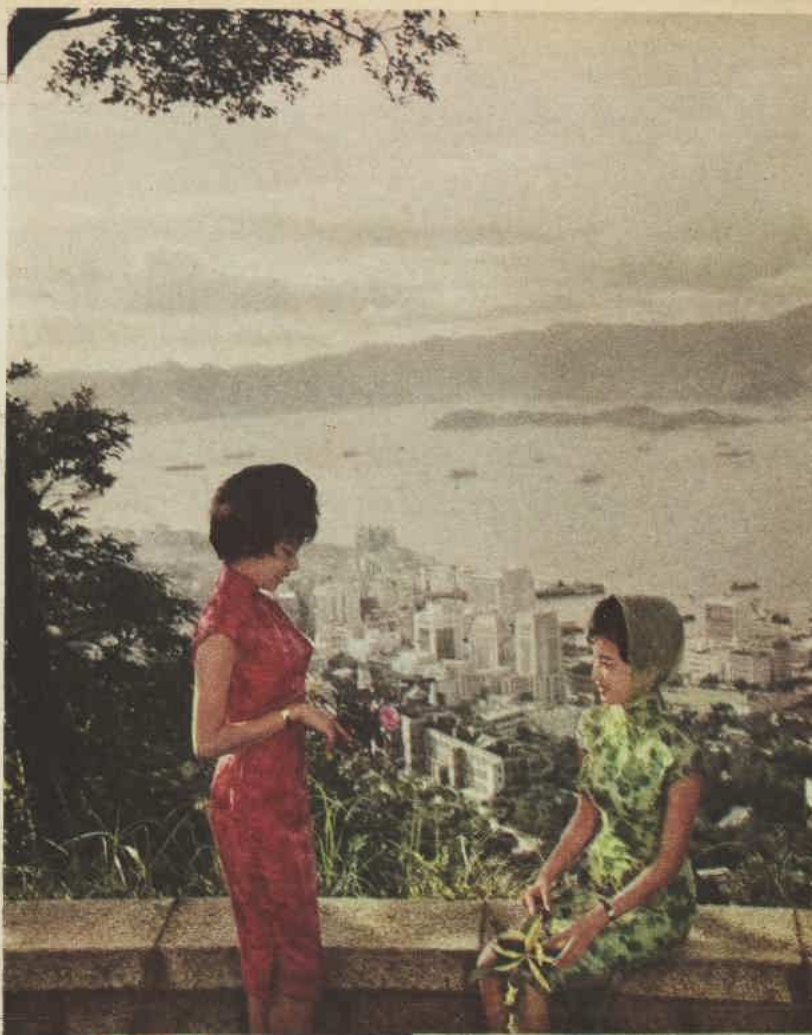
● Common holly (*Ilex aquifolium*) has shiny deep green leaves with spined edge.



● Chinese holly (*Ilex cornuta* or *chinensis*) has square leaves, cluster berries.



● Wilson's holly (*Ilex wilsonii*) is distinguished by its spined leaves and green bark.



Now is the time for that Hong Kong holiday you have been promising yourself. Hong Kong is easy to take all year round... but especially so over the next few months. for spring has come to this China coast port, bringing with it peach blossom, camellia and hibiscus. The lychees are ripening, rice springs green from the earth and 大菜糕 makes good eating. The nights are balmy and the days warm. Shopping remains spectacular, irrespective of the season and the modern hotels continue to provide superb accommodation at reasonable rates. Hong Kong will supply the refreshing change you need.

SPRING TIME IN HONG KONG

A British Colony in the South China Sea.

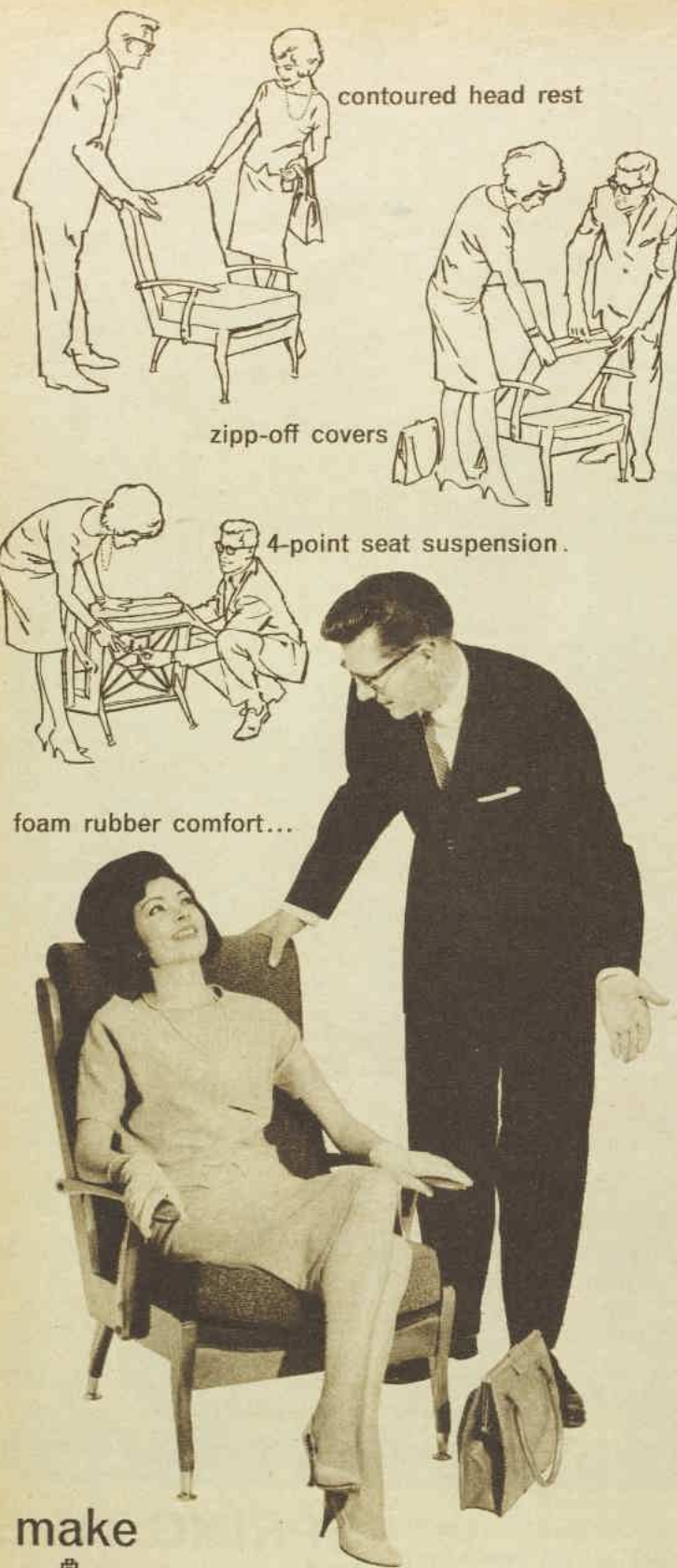
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The Wrightbilt range includes chairs, convertibles, 2 & 3 piece settees and 3 piece units.

W6/61

Continuing . . . HOURS TO KILL

from page 33

her and the house. How furious Philip would be . . . Margaret realised with the dreaminess of fever that she had never seen Philip angry. He seemed to have an automatic pilot that took over when he was crossed and, with a shrug, preserved the sunny surface.

Mrs. Foale had not been part of the marriage pattern; that was why she had got away. Everything about her departure spoke of flight, and her request to Elizabeth Honeyman for her address book indicated a desire to stay safely away.

But how very odd, under the circumstances, that she would have rented the house to Philip and his bride. Unless she didn't know—but she must; the rent cheques would be signed by Philip.

Have to get up, thought Margaret in a tangle of dreams and warmth and physical surcease. Have to be alert for a telephone call from Jerome Kincaid, look after Hilary, shake off this dangerous somnolence, almost trance-like, which was holding the beat of fear and immediacy just under the surface.

She gathered the coverlet closer about her, warding off an anticipatory chill before she got up, and when her eyelids lifted again the shadows in the room had deepened and Lena was in the doorway, saying shyly and distressedly, "I'm

Would she run a gloved finger over the tables next?

But she didn't; she said with a tolerant air. "I came because—but I think it had better wait, don't you, as you aren't feeling well?"

There were any number of barbs on this. "No, not at all. What is it?"

"As a matter of fact, it's"—Miss Honeyman tilted her head with a deprecating smile—"the yard."

Margaret glanced instinctively out a window, but the yard was still there, the new-leaved lilacs quiet and sunlit against the adobe wall.

"Papers," said Miss Honeyman disturbedly. "Old leaves. The wind, you know. It doesn't look . . . I don't imagine your sister had time to engage a yard man. Hadley and Christina always had a yard man, and I thought that perhaps if I gave you his name . . ."

Margaret quelled her instant and fiery rage, because after a small pause Miss Honeyman was saying, ". . . Julio Garcia. One of Hadley's projects. Hadley always felt that steady work and responsibility would redeem the very worst character. I saw Julio a few days ago, and asked him to come round. Did he?"

Keep very still, very steady:

got around to having him come."

Margaret's anger slipped its leash. "Possibly, but I don't know. In the East we rather like old gum wrappers and dead leaves. We think it makes a place look lived-on. And before I forget—" the cold haughty stare drove her on—"you did find a letter of Mrs. Foale's, didn't you, in the pantry drawer one day when you were here? I remember seeing it there, and although it wasn't unopened mail it was correspondence, and I only realised that Mrs. Foale might want it after you had left with the address book."

The vigas seemed to echo; no one had been so challenging with Elizabeth Honeyman in uncounted years. She could not be sure that she had not been observed from the kitchen, and she said after the barest pause, "Yes, thank you, I did find it," but her flush heightened. "It was a letter of condolence from someone called Grace, saying that she would have come out for a visit but her daughter was expecting her first child."

She was plainly telling a truth that had maddened her—and her temper matched Margaret's; it was evident in her very control. "I'm quite sure Isabel didn't want the letter, but it was kind of you to worry, and very—thorough."

How bitterly disappointed she

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



sorry to wake you, ma'am, but the man from the drugstore is here and there's a lady . . ."

Kincaid hadn't called; Margaret made sure of that before she washed her flushed face with cold water, combed her sleep-rumpled hair, smoothed the dress she had lain down in, and went into the living-room. The drugstore delivery was her prescription. The lady, looking austere aloof while Margaret found her purse and paid, was Elizabeth Honeyman.

She said stiffly as Margaret closed the front door, "I'm terribly sorry; I didn't realise you were ill."

From her tone and her elevated brows, she might have been saying "tipsy." Margaret was surprised at the depth of her sudden clear dislike of the slender erectness, the small, bitter-bright mouth in the lace-netted face, the eyelids wearied at a lifetime of contemplating inferior things and people. She said as civilly as she could, "Well, yes, I've had the doctor. I hope you don't catch—"

"I never catch anything," said Miss Honeyman, tipping the corner of her lips a trifle. Her eyes examined Margaret. "I'm hardy, I suppose. Do you get enough vitamin C?"

"Yes," said Margaret briefly. "If you'll excuse me, I think I'd better start this stuff."

The capsules looked like Cornelia's except that they were blue and white instead of blue and yellow. Margaret swallowed one, wincingly, and went back to the living-room in time to find Miss Honeyman straightening a small curlicued mirror beside the front door.

this woman's eyes were sharp under her tolerating eyelids. "A man came to wind the clock a few days ago. He seemed to know the house, so I imagine it was Mr. Garcia."

"Oh, dear. He didn't come back again, about the yard?"

This was much more than casual, even for a woman of Miss Honeyman's insolence; there was a point to it, if only Margaret's tonsil, pulsing painfully, would allow her to grasp it. She took refuge in a Hilary-like manoeuvre, saying to Lena as the girl slipped into the hall, "Has a man come here, asking about yard work?"

Lena said no in her soft anxious voice, and Miss Honeyman frowned at her gloves. "How very odd. I don't suppose you have his address? I know Isabel had him, she must have it jotted down somewhere."

"I haven't seen it." Something rang in Margaret's mind, an echo, something about the gloves. "In any case, I imagine my sister and her husband would prefer to make any such arrangement themselves."

She said it with the other woman's own deprecating smile, and got a small raspberry twitch in return. "Oh, of course, if they . . . We're generally swamped here, you know, with requests for finding help for newcomers. But possibly your sister knows of someone and simply hasn't

had been in the interesting word "pregnant," which she had pounced upon and found to be less than ashes. Irony, really, that with all its innocence the letter had been Hilary's springboard and, in a sense, Margaret's.

"Thank you," said Margaret in the same steady tone, "and now I'm supposed to be in bed, so if you'll excuse me—"

The front door closed behind Miss Honeyman's totally silent departure, but there was, moments later, no corroborating slam from the door of her smart little foreign car. Was she possibly prowling around the grounds seeking further indictment in broken twigs and leaf-tangled iris? No, because she hadn't come here for that in the first place.

She had come to find Julio Garcia, because she had not seen the small newspaper mention of his death, or she had come to find out how much Margaret knew about him. The state of the grounds had been a pretext, just as the cookbook had been in the beginning, just as—

But the message from Mrs. Foale had not been a pretext, had it?

Margaret, standing automatically at one of the living-room windows, watched an erect tweedy figure pass the end of the adobe wall and disappear from view. Miss Honeyman was walking today, doubtless to preserve her superior constitution.

As long as Lena was in the house, Hilary was happily, even smugly occupied. Margaret's

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To page 56

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deep feverish sleep had taken the edge off her exhaustion, and for one of the few times in her adult life her throat refused cigarette smoke. Why didn't Kincaid call, to say that he had found Cornelia and Philip, or that he hadn't found them, or that—?

No. She would not think about that, not yet. She didn't have to, because while she was staring frantically at the silent telephone it rang.

Cornelia and Philip had spent last night at the Golden Drifts Motel in Hawks, Arizona. It was the manager's impression that they meant to go on to Stagerock; he had recommended the Alvarado there, although it was a long drive for Mrs. Byrne.

"Why?" demanded Margaret instantly. "Why did he think it was a long drive for Cornelia?"

"Long drive for anybody," said Kincaid, but Margaret's queer new intimacy with his voice knew he was holding something—perhaps only his own bafflement—back from her. "They aren't at the Alvarado yet; I checked. I'll try again in about an hour, but I thought I'd let you know."

"Cornelia wasn't sick?" "He'd have said if she was. I told him I was her brother-in-law."

But would he? Margaret wondered. Mightn't the average motel, mindful of adverse publicity or annoying questions later, wash its hands of an ailing stranger?

"... told you I might be wrong," Kincaid's voice was saying briskly into her ear, and then, "How do you feel?"

To almost anyone else Margaret would have said automatically, "Oh, not bad." To Kincaid she said, "Awful."

"Is your girl going to stay?" "Until Hilary's had her dinner, anyway."

"Get her to stay all night," said Kincaid sharply, and the

wire hummed a little before he added. "Mind your own business, Kincaid."

"No. I will if I can." Because she wanted to know, but even more because she hated to relinquish the sound of his voice, Margaret said, "Did you send Elizabeth Honeyman for Mrs. Foale's address book?"

"Nobody sends Elizabeth Honeyman anywhere," said

a house she loved, to find that Hadley had been married in the East to a woman so much younger than she, and a woman he hardly knew at that.

No wonder that, fresh from finding out that Kincaid was curious about the widowed Isabel, she had come to the house



Kincaid dryly. "My guess is that she was always a would-be Mrs. Foale, and now, with one thing and another, she hopes she's on to something."

And that was it, the busy preoccupation with the gloves, the small habitual gesture just after which the woman had said, "I know that if it hadn't been for me, Hadley wouldn't have known where to turn..."

What a shock, after all her attentions and solicitude, her expectancy of being mistress of

to grasp whatever correspondence might be there, hoping to find something that could be used as a weapon against her successful rival. Miss Honeyman's capacity for affection could not be guessed at; her vindictive pride and possessiveness could.

Margaret, about to speak, grew suddenly aware of an odd airiness on the line, like a hole in an otherwise solid pipe. She said rapidly, "Call me, will you, Jerome?" and replaced the re-

ceiver and went silently back through the house.

Lena was waxing the kitchen floor. Hilary, trapped, was on top of her bed trying to thrust her feet into a wall of sheet. She said hastily as Margaret came in, "I have to go to the bathroom sometimes."

Margaret lifted the sheet free of its tangle. "Hilary"—she was suddenly too spent and too sore, too released from immediate tension to want to go on, but she did—"you must not listen on telephone extensions, ever. That's eavesdropping."

Hilary's brow darkened, but very effortfully: "I thought if you were sick you wouldn't want to be bothered, so I was going to say you were out."

"But then when..." It wasn't worth it, not with Hilary. Congestion in her lungs, Wimple had said; was that the pressure she felt low between her shoulderblades, like a balled fist driving in? She could understand Cornelia's submissiveness now. "Is there anything you'd like before I lie down for a while?"

"Lena's here," said Hilary contentedly, and then as Margaret reached the door, "Do you really think Cornelia's sick again?"

In some way the question completely undid Margaret, or perhaps the full realization of Cornelia's situation hadn't penetrated before. She said with unaccustomed gentleness, "No. She's fine. She'll be home soon," and escaped before Hilary could see her cry.

The bending of her mouth into tears was nonsense, and she blew her nose fiercely, swallowed another aspirin with difficulty, and lay down to huddle under her coverlet again. Instinct told her not to get undressed and between the sheets

her body longed for. You were so helpless in a nightgown.

Not that she could help, anyway. Even if she and Hilary weren't sick, even if she didn't have to monitor the telephone for a possible call from Cornelia, she had no car and only a limited amount of funds. Given both, she was completely lost in a strange part of the country. She had heard vaguely about the immensity of the South-west, but it took maps and mileage distances to give even a small indication of the vastness.

But if Cornelia died, she would always wonder what it was that she had left undone.

She lay quietly, breathing shallowly over the pain in her back, and gradually Cornelia presented herself in the short ice-green silk dress and wreath of pale pink roses she had worn as flower-girl at the wedding of somebody or other. She had a Dutch bob, like a lot of children her age, but hers was shinningly fair. She was endearingly plump; Margaret, inheriting the dress, had looked like a twig in a tent.

Bangs, plumpness... Cornelia turned disconcertingly into Mrs. Foale, saying beseechingly, "No, don't—don't..."

"I'm sorry, Ma'am," said Lena apologetically, "but I brought the newspaper, and I have to go now."

The high windows behind the dimity curtains were almost dark. Margaret struggled awake, caught in the half-panic of her dream, and said, "Lena, you couldn't possibly stay tonight? Not to do anything, just so there'd be someone in the house?"

Lena was sorry, but she was taking care of her sister's children while her sister was in Juarez.

The darkening windows should not have struck her with

To page 58

When I come on the scene the girls just fade away!



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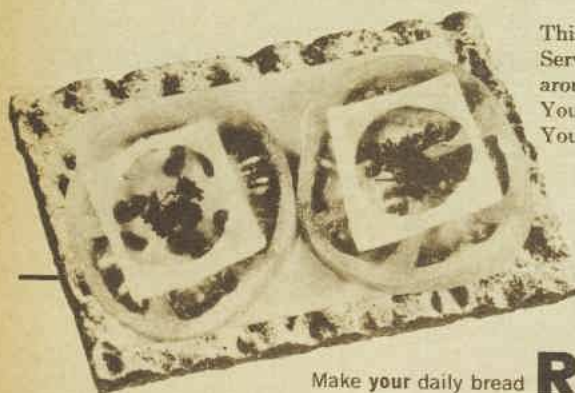
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Continuing . . .

HOURS TO KILL

from page 56

such dread. "Is there someone else you know of who might come in just for the night?"

Lena thought, and shook her small neat head regretfully. She said she had given Hilary her dinner; would Margaret like something before she left?

Margaret said she would get something later, and went with Lena to the door.

She hadn't realised, until the house closed silently in around her and Hilary, how comforting the girl's presence had been.

The details of her dream had vanished but the dangerous atmosphere remained, almost bewitched, as though the night-blackened windows and door panels, the shadowy cross-beams, the great areas of darkness left by thrifty Lena, would be willing props for a re-enactment; were, in fact, waiting.

Drivenly, feeling as vulnerable on all sides as on the night Julio Garcia had gone weaving off into the dark, Margaret switched on lamps, took another of her capsules, and settled down to wait.

Even with her whole being concentrated on the telephone

The telephone rang, and Margaret reached it before it could ring again.

Cornelia and Philip had registered at the Alvarado less than an hour ago. The desk man had told Kincaid that he believed Mrs. Byrne was lying down in her room, but after a brief off-telephone conversation with somebody else it was established that the Byrnes had gone out to dinner.

After consideration, Kincaid had not left a message; instead, he had got a list of dining places from the desk man. Stagerock wasn't large, and the list was short. He was about to start calling, but had wanted to let Margaret know.

Leaning on the pantry counter, she felt spineless and light-headed with relief. The mere fact that Philip had taken Cornelia to the place recommended, that they were so definitely, any-nightish out to dinner seemed so immensely reassuring that she wondered briefly if she had not been going mad for the past few days, or

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff, & Tuff

by TIM



she made herself comb the newspaper for any mention of Garcia. There was none. He had apparently been in trouble locally before, and certainly on his first appearance at the house he had been drinking heavily. His wavy stance, his shiny eyes and heavy breathing, his slurry words: "Missa Foale . . ."

Mrs. Foale? Or Mr. Foale, the only designation he could find for Philip?

Chances were the police would assume a brawl, in the course of which somebody had produced a gun, at some time before the hit-and-run accident. And it was just possible, Margaret reminded herself, staring blindly at the newspaper, listening for the telephone.

It was possible, too, that both of Philip's previous wives had died of natural causes, that he had no designs on Cornelia's life, that they would both drive up in a day or two, tanned and rested and cheerful.

Tomorrow, she realised shockedly, gazing at the paper's date, Philip, waving from the driveway, had called: "See you on the twentieth," and tomorrow was the twentieth.

Wasn't this when it would happen, if it were going to happen? The vacation as planned, interrupted by tragedy just as the happy couple neared home: it appeared in the newspapers so often that it bore the stamp of truth.

if the-whole thing were a wishful projection of some unconscious jealousy.

Stagerock was, as she remembered the map, more than another day's drive from here, but at least they had been located, pinpointed out of an unknown vastness. It was not until Kincaid's voice, was gone and the peculiar personality of the house closed about her again that she realised nothing had changed.

Philip did not know that he had been located. He didn't know about the snapshot of himself on the porch of this house, or the laboratory number Cornelia had written down, or Hilary's untiring detective work. He was probably unaware of Kincaid's existence. Until Kincaid got him on the telephone and warned him that he was being watched this time, he would be proceeding according to plan.

And — the desk man had thought Mrs. Byrne was lying down in her room, the manager at the last motel had thought the drive might be too tiring for Mrs. Byrne.

Cornelia was ordinarily an indestructible traveller, thought Margaret over a slow, heavy gathering of her heartbeats, and certainly she had looked fresh enough when she left. Thinner, shadow-eyed the night before, but radiant on the morning of departure, as though she had already gathered strength from the open, sunny miles ahead, the leaving behind of the house and Hilary.

She was sick again, then. Or she was being made to appear

Printed by Congress Printing Limited for the publisher, Australian Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

To page 59

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 7, 1962

sick, so that disinterested people, miles apart, could bear witness.

At once miles away and directly in Margaret's ear, Hilary had begun to shriek.

"There couldn't have been a man," repeated Margaret, in command of herself again five minutes later. "Hilary, your windows are too high for anyone to look in. You saw a reflection, that's all."

Hilary gave her a look of scarlet and belligerent contempt. "People stand on things to look in windows, and the light was out."

Margaret could well believe it. The crash following Hilary's outcry had been her bed-tray, and the floor was sprinkled with shattered china, a rich deposit of jelly, and a slippery trail of asparagus that Hilary's heel had struck as she dived back into her bed. It seemed impossible, through Margaret's pounding head and throat and chest, that she would ever be capable of cleaning all that up. She said with an edged re-

action from terror, "And what was your light doing out?"

There was a bird in the pear tree, Hilary said, and it kept squawking. She had thought—here came the righteous note—that maybe some other bird was trying to take its nest. So she had turned off her light and got the flashlight—

"What flashlight?"

"I found it," said Hilary—and she had tried to hypnotise the bird or birds into silence by aiming the beam up into the tree. She didn't know how she had dropped the flashlight, but it went out when it hit the ground. She was starting back to turn on her light again when a sound made her look back at the window, and there he was. Not all of him, just his eyes under his big hat.

Margaret's stomach dropped briefly. She had to remind herself that Julio Garcia was dead, that this was a country of big hats, that workmen on their

way to somewhere often walked through the field behind the house and, presumably, back again. One of them might easily have been curious about the flashlight beam, straddled the wire fence, come up to the house—

She opened the window, feeling the night air like ice on her hot body; unhooked the screen, leaned over to look out. There was nothing under the gilded net of pear branches but leaves dying into darkness and, off to the left, the very edge of something pale and square. A block of some kind, a concrete building block? She had seen some once in the angle of the house, but not this near the window.

"I told you," said Hilary peevishly as Margaret stepped back into the lighted safety of the room and locked the window. "Are you going to call the police?"

It was a question she had asked herself ever since the echo of Hilary's shriek had died—but what would she say to the police? "A man looked in the window." No, she hadn't seen him herself, a little girl had. If they came at all, which was doubtful, they would take one look at Hilary and depart. Or at best they would make a perfunctory tour of the grounds, and certainly whoever it was had long since fled.

"No," said Margaret, and Hilary gave her a look of indignation. "Somebody could kidnap me for all you care."

Margaret had to stifle an impulse to unstrung laughter at the thought of anyone capable of such folly, but she recognised it even then as not amusement but a trembling approach to hysteria. Someone had come quietly up to the house in darkness, had bothered to move one of the heavy blocks into place in order to look over the sill—had taken the time, even warned by Hilary's electrifying outcry, to move the block away again.

In the kitchen, assembling cleaning things, she went on impulse into the pantry and called Jerome Kincaid at the Paragon. His line was busy, and she returned to Hilary's room and the staggering business of cleaning up the floor.

FRIGHT had given her an artificial energy which ebbed at once; bending to the jelly and the asparagus, she was so dizzy that tiny bright sparks floated up everywhere. She sat down abruptly on the foot of Hilary's bed, hands steadily at her burning cheeks, and Hilary said defensively, "Those plates were chipped, anyway."

Plates? Oh, yes, Cornelia's conscientious list of damages, almost as laughable now as the thought of a madman making off with Hilary. Mrs. Foale was not coming back to count her dishes and glasses, thought Margaret in a soft, cold whisper to herself. Mrs. Foale was not coming back at all, because she had never been away.

Mrs. Foale was dead. Hilary had sensed it; Jerome Kincaid, suspecting it, had emerged from that cobwebby trip to the cellar storage room with an unseeing gaze. Margaret had kept it at bay by a series of subconscious stratagems. Only Elizabeth Honeyman, as delicate and malicious as a wasp, was still bent on the destruction of an enemy already destroyed. The taking of the useless letter and the address-book, the hope for damaging gossip from Julio Garcia—

The bedspread under Margaret's hot, dry palms was suddenly another bedspread, a huddle of plaid on the cold cement floor of the storage room in the cellar. But even

in that icy air it could not be—a revulsion of heat mounted to her throat, and although she had only tea to lose, she reached Hilary's bathroom barely in time. Her stomach was still wrenching vainly and emptily when the telephone rang.

She was so braced for Kincaid's voice that she did not, for a second, recognise Cornelia's, somehow detached in spite of its clarity.

"Margaret? I'm in Arizona. How is everything there?"

"Oh, thank heavens! I've been trying to—No; check myself, at once; go at it calmly or Cornelia would think she was mad. 'You've both to come home right away. I'm sorry, but Hilary's sick and so am I. Perhaps I'd better—is Philip there?"

"I'll come home as soon as I can," said Cornelia's cool, dry voice. "Philip's dead."

She might have been saying, "Philip's in the shower." In answer to Margaret's stunned, "What?" she repeated, "Philip is dead."

The wires hummed blankly, airily. Fever or not, thought Margaret wildly, she was quite rational, and Cornelia had just said that Philip was dead. Her

● Being middle-aged is a nice change from being young.

—Dorothy Canfield Fisher

tongue and said, "How—what happened?"

"The pool. We were going out to dinner, but we had trouble with the car, and it was awfully hot and Philip wanted a swim, so we went back to the motel. Philip had made cocktails and we had them beside the pool. Philip drank mine instead of his own. It must have been the cocktail, because when he was at the deep end he got a cramp. I tried," said Cornelia in that curiously detached way, "but I couldn't get to him in time."

Margaret closed her eyes hard on the vision of Cornelia's strong, effortless, swimming-meet stroke. She said automatically, "Where are you now?"

"At the Alvarado, waiting—there seem to be a lot of technicalities," said Cornelia. Her voice shook for just an instant. "But everybody's been very kind and given me time to get rid of all the pool water I swallowed. I've been sick all along, as a matter of fact."

So she had probably not been in the pool for anyone to see and remember what a strong swimmer she was; thank heaven at least for that. There was someone official with her, Margaret could tell from her voice; probably someone connected with the motel, ready to deny any responsibility for the tragedy. Shouldn't Cornelia be trying to cry, or putting on some semblance of hysteria?

Numbly, she heard Cornelia say, "I suppose it doesn't seem quite real yet. Your friend Mr. Kincaid telephoned that he is

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Continuing . . . HOURS TO KILL

from page 58

coming—I told him I'd call you. Oh, and Margaret—"

This was important.

"Take care of things in the house, will you? Philip left some awfully important envelopes in our room, and, of course, I'll have to see what to do about everything."

The capsule in the envelope Margaret did not dare say, "I've got it; it's safe," or even, "Be careful," because it was possible that someone was listening at Cornelia's end—and did she imagine a very faint close breathiness on the line, as though Hilary were at the bedroom extension again?

She said as steady as she could, although the pantry was beginning to lurch a little, "Don't worry, I'll take care of everything here," and uncounted miles away in another State Cornelia said goodbye and the receiver went down.

It seemed incredible that the house should be so quiet and unchanged, the dining-room full of silken light and shadow, the living-room a deeper tunnel of gold and dark. The beaded

peacocks on the mantel, the seagulls glimmering in two arcs of crystal on the desk, did not know or care that Philip was dead.

He had drunk the cocktail—poisoned or drugged—that he had mixed for Cornelia—how had that happened?—and then he had been seized by a cramp in the pool. He must have known at the last that Cornelia was going to let him die. It would have seemed to him monstrously unfair and impossible, in spite of what he had planned for her, that she should simply go through floundering motions instead of calling for help.

He must have intended Cornelia to drown—and what a daring, perhaps a disarming bold plan that had been. It would certainly be brought out that she had been a strong swimmer, and what man in his right mind would have chosen that method, particularly when, alone with her in a car for days, he had had countless opportunities? And he must have

To page 60

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covered himself in the event of an autopsy on Cornelia, Margaret could not imagine how, except that his job gave him access to all kinds of experimental drugs.

Gaze deliberately focused on near objects, one at a time as she passed them, Margaret walked the length of the living-room, into the hall, opened Hilary's door with a silent swiftness.

Hilary was shamming sleep so expertly that the mind reeled at the mountainous task of confronting her with having listened in on the extension. But nobody, thought Margaret, gazing at her in the dim light from her own bathroom across the hall, certainly not Hilary, slept so neatly, breathing so evenly, was so perfectly composed as to brows and lips.

Dreadfully, wooden little Mrs. Foale reposed on the pillow beside her head. The painted face could

not be said to sleep, because the crude, long-oval eyes, one lower than the other, stared emptily up into the dark; the primitive mouth seemed stretched, in this dim light, into the grimace usually connected with death by strychnine.

Margaret closed the door with a sense of quiet horror, put her hands briefly and coolly against her feverish face, and went into her own room.

How was it that the very air testified to recent tenancy? Was there an actual if tiny stir left, or simply an imprint of curiosity, of alien feet on the rugs, an alien stare bringing subtle life to silent beds, bureaux, curtains?

Margaret did not at the moment

Continuing . . . HOURS TO KILL

from page 59

care. She was possessed by two immediate necessities: to make sure that Hilary, listening on the extension, had not looked round for envelopes to inspect and perhaps pocket; after that to put her sick, aching body to bed and plunge the memory of Cornelia's voice, clear, deliberate, into forgetting sleep.

She moved toward the bed-lamp, and stopped in her tracks. That was not the familiar shadow of the standard lamp in the far corner. It was a figure, a woman, still as the paint on the walls, waiting to see what she would do. There was only a bulk of skirt, shabby even in outline, and

some sort of head scarf. A very faint crisp scent, not noticeable except to newly, sharply edged nerves, was on the air.

Margaret had only checked herself for a brief second that sounded in her own head like a clash of cymbals. Plummer into the bathroom and lock the door?

No, there was Hilary. Rub her eyes as though she were blind and inattentive with sleep, saunter toward the other bed—no one could know which bed she slept in—and the telephone extension on the table there. Start unbuttoning her sweater obliviously as she went, and then snatch up the receiver, because danger hung far heavier on the air than scent.

Above all, seem not to know what stood there, shorn of her wasp-like slenderness and delicacy, become suddenly a blunt instrument. Forgetting the scent that was as habitual as he tweeds and her pride.

Margaret moved, one foot after another. She hadn't stared at the corner; she had known in an immeasurable small flicker of time. She undid the bottom button of her sweater and the next, and all the time, idly, chest bursting tight, she was getting close to the telephone. Almost beside it, she bent and turned back the bedspread. Her hand flashed out, and the shadow in the corner sat softly and sharply. "Don't touch that!"

Margaret dropped her hand at once. Better women might have seized hands set and all and dropped down behind the shelter of the bed, or sprung across the room in a diving tackle. Her own reaction was an instant and paralysed obedience, because this woman's driving purpose was not to be trifled with.

"There's an envelope," said the carefully masqueraded voice. "Give it to me please."

How meticulous she was, even in this extremity — and if Margaret turned over the capsule Cornelia had hidden under her mattress, there went Cornelia's plea of self-defence. There went Cornelia. Fever gave Margaret a clarity

FROM THE BIBLE

• "Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust and not be afraid." — Isaiah 12:2.

At a time when all around him were putting their trust in military power, Isaiah declares his trust in God.

she could not have achieved under other circumstances.

She said, "I don't know who you are or what you want, and the only envelope I've seen is in—" she nodded in half darkness — "the top drawer of that bureau beside you. I can only warn you that there's no money here."

If she would turn her back, for just an instant, but she did not. Her voice said out of the shadows.

"You get it for me, and I'll tell you if it's what I want. Be very quiet, because we don't want to wake the child."

She knew — of course she had known from the jigsaw puzzle and countless other small evidences which Margaret, accustomed to living with Hilary, had not noticed.

Carefully, Margaret moved around the bed and across to the bureau. In the darkness she hadn't seen a gun or any other weapon, but she was as conscious of one as she had been of a presence in the room when she first entered it.

She said as she pulled open the top drawer of the bureau, "I can't see very well, you know," and a flashlight beam — Hilary's, that she had dropped? — came on instantly. The piled and slipping wedding photographs turned to sheets of blind gold as she toppled them, pretending to grope beneath. What now, what further delay —

She whirled, saying frantically, "It was there, I put it there," and the suddenness of her movement shot the flashlight beam up and a little back.

Furious gold-carved face inside a loose and shielding scarf, pale eyes icy under bleached but still perfectly arched brows — not Miss Honeyman at all. The flashlight snapped off, and Margaret could almost have cried out with a childish horror of being left in the half-dark with Mrs. Foale.

"Give it to me," said Mrs. Foale. Without a pretence at Elizabeth Honeyman's deep arrogant voice, her own was hard and flat and rather high. "The medicine, Philip told me he thought she had hidden some."

Margaret couldn't move, couldn't speak. The transition from Mrs. Foale dead in the storage room, another of Philip's victims, to this woman who gave an impression of springing at her, although she stood statue-still, had left her hollow and cold with shock.

Although she would have had to keep out of Elizabeth Honeyman's way, because hatred had a sure recognition of its own, this woman would have been safe anywhere else. She had lost weight, altering the contours of her face, and

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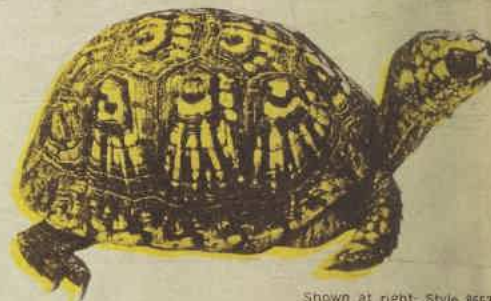


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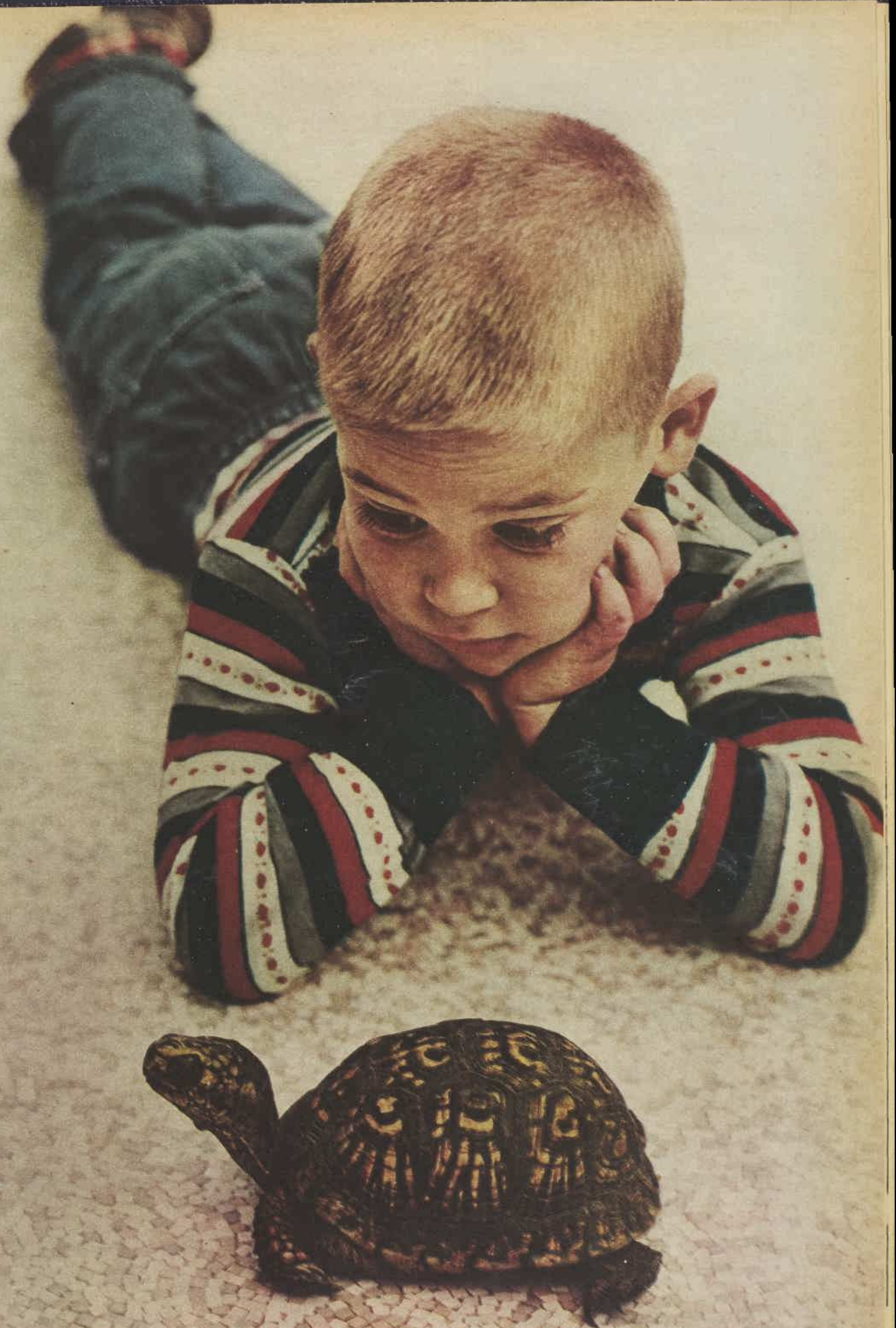
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Continuing . . . HOURS TO KILL

from page 61

familiar background; the Foale house would do nicely for that.

But Mrs. Foale was known to be a youngish widow and had been there with Philip, however discreetly, in the past. When Cornelia suffered a fatal accident there must be no faintest hint of another woman on Philip's horizon, and appearing to be abroad would seem to be the most conclusive measure.

Mrs. Foale walked toward the bathroom. She was going to flush the capsule down the toilet; irrecoverably, destroying her own complicity with Philip. She hadn't thought about the snapshot of Philip and his letter in the lipstick yet, but she would.

And what would Cornelia say now? In the light of the cached rum bottles in the storage room, how would her "illness" look?

Out of the dark quiet hall, something shot with such force that Margaret shut her eyes and ducked instinctively. But it was only a flicker of time. Mrs. Foale had been caught by surprise, and the shock had spun her sideways and off balance. Quickly, quickly—

Margaret jumped at her.

She hadn't fought physically with anyone since she was twelve, and the contact with hair and flesh, the answering bite of nails and pressure of muscles, was at once horrifying and exhilarating. This was not a pervasive and frightening atmosphere, but something to fight with every ounce of strength, something that could be hurt as she was hurt.

Not surprisingly, because she had been a nurse, Mrs. Foale was strong and skilful. She locked Margaret's arms, and Margaret, head forced down, kicked savagely. An added wrench sent her spinning against the foot of the bed, but she was free in spite of the crashing pain in her hip and could launch herself at Mrs. Foale, unscarfed now, her dry

blond hair askew, one cheek redly scratched.

The woman seemed to have infinite reserves of breath, although Margaret's was jagged in her throat and she was sick and dizzy.

"They were locked together again, and all at once, almost unnoticed, the bureau coverlet went off with a heavy smashing sound of glass and a rolling of objects.

Where was the gun, where was the capsule? Out of reach, or Mrs. Foale would not be battling like this, forcing Margaret's head back unendurably, sending darkness into her brain.

TIME

escaped her there. She thought later that it was like swishing into Grand Central on a train: there was the altered roar, the darkness, the flashing, periodic lights. Seconds were made of elastic, minutes lost altogether in a world she didn't know how to live in. She hurt badly in two or three places her mind could not at once identify. Close to her, looming like a great forest, was Hilary's sprigged housecoat.

"I'm sitting on her," said Hilary sensibly, and she was Academy-prim except for her flushed face and disordered hair, she was planted solidly on Mrs. Foale's midriff. Mrs. Foale appeared to be unconscious. "I threw my puppet at her," said Hilary, "and then I hit her with this. I couldn't help it if it broke."

Margaret looked dizzily at shards of the great bowl that had stood on the hall bookcase. Valuable, no doubt, but Mrs. Foale was hardly in a position to complain.

Hilary gazed professionally at Mrs. Foale's flickering eyelids and reached for a large fragment. "I'd better hit her again," she said.

The police were courteous with Margaret, much more

courteous with Mrs. Foale, widow of a resident and owner of the branched candlesticks, the magnificent clock, the peacocks from Paris. Aching in every bone, losing their faces now and then in a shimmer of fatigue or fever, Margaret could nevertheless understand how the two officers felt. It was difficult to conceive of over-parking, in this setting, let alone violence and complicity in attempted murder.

Hilary didn't help. Her infatuation withered, she sent glances of such blank malevolence at Mrs. Foale that the policemen controlled smiles. It was not until Margaret mentioned Julio Garcia that they came to attention at all.

"What do you know about Garcia, Miss Russell?"

Margaret told them, with a tremendous effort. She had never felt sicker. The room came and went in waves, and the two uniformed men seemed far out of reach of her voice, but she tried, anyway.

Her tiny, whispery voice said, "Julio Garcia said Mrs. Foale gave him money. I thought he meant when she was here with Philip, but he must have seen her here in town and recognised her when she was supposed to be in Europe. That's why she must have paid him—so he wouldn't talk about her. It would be too dangerous—especially if he'd said anything to Miss Honeyman or me."

"Maybe that's why he came here the first time, hoping he could sell his information to me. But I was too frightened to give him a chance. If Mrs. Foale found out he'd been here, she would have known blackmail wouldn't keep him silent. So she could have been the one who shot him. Garcia must have gone by the house after Philip brought Cornelia out here and recognised Philip, too, because he seemed to think something was..."

"... very amusing," said Margaret, but her voice echoed oddly and she had said it earnestly to the blank ceiling

To page 65

HAZEL . . .

. . . by Ted Key



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Continuing . . . HOURS TO KILL

from page 64

"Oh, they took her with them, for questioning they said. They took her gun with them, too. They said it would be easy to tell if it had been used to shoot Garcia. And they asked her if she had a car. It sounded as if they thought she was the hit-and-run driver who had killed him. She gave Johnny Ortiz a terrible bite," said Mrs. Snaith, finishing with a certain relish.

Margaret conveyed this information to Kincaid. With Cornelia safe, and Mrs. Foale no longer an unknown darkness but a dyed, dried blonde who had hardly improved her case by biting a police officer, she felt limp and empty with relief, incapable, just now, of containing happiness.

of her room, dim in the lamplight. She was in bed, neatly, flat on her back, with no memory of getting there.

All the pain in her throat had seeped deep inside her chest, and the whistly sound that had awakened her was her own breath, going shallowly, effortfully in and out, as though all but a very small space at the top had solidified. When she lifted her head from the pillow air struck coldly at her damp hair and neck, turned the damp pillow icy when she lowered it again. The sheet beneath her was wet. How long had she lain here, talking to herself, with fever pouring out of her?

Cornelia — but Kincaid was with her, on his way to her, worth an army of lawyers. Hilary . . . Margaret struggled up on her elbow, threw back her covers, and was put firmly back by a big, grey-haired woman who seemed to materialise out of the wall.

"Awake, are you? How do you feel?" "Somebody had sent her. The police? Margaret said, "I have to—"

"Have to nothing. You've got pneumonia," said the woman briskly. "I'm a nurse, and you're my job. If it's the little girl you're worried about, she's fine, dead to the world. And you had a telephone call from a Mr. Kincaid. You're not to worry; he's taking care of everything and he'll be back tomorrow. Now."

A thermometer went into Margaret's mouth, but she did not remember its being taken out again. She woke to the nurse's voice saying, ". . . feel better if you do," and realised that she had been staring at a spoonful of clear soup. She drank it obediently, and went on drinking it until warmth spread through her and seemed to ease her breath.

She slept again until the phone rang. The nightmare seemed came back, until she remembered, and the nurse was saying, "Well, I think she might—" and handing her the receiver.

IT was Kincaid, and his voice was so comforting, so like coming home, that Margaret was momentarily weak against the pillows she had braced herself on. She said to his first query, "I'm all right; how's Cornelia?"

"Still pretty groggy." He sounded as close, miles away in the night, as though he were standing beside her.

"I suppose she told you she was drugged . . . Hello? Margaret?"

Drugged. Not responsible, not accountable.

Kincaid's voice went on, saying something about a doctor and a blood test for Cornelia and a confusion of cocktail glasses; Margaret could only realise that Cornelia had not placed herself in even greater jeopardy. She was safe from suspicion because she had been physically incapacitated. It could be proved that she had been drugged, that she would not have been able to rescue Philip.

... reputation, all along the way. Cornelia was supposed to be a drinking-and-barbiturate problem. After Philip had packed, he remembered two samples he'd forgotten, and he asked Cornelia to put them in her suitcase. He said he was going to combine business and pleasure — and, of course, she handled the bottles, tightened the caps to make sure they wouldn't open, wrapped them inside clothing so they wouldn't break. Her fingerprints were all over them.

Foresighted Philip — and he would have done it so well. The frantic but loyal husband, hiding his wife's addiction, hoping a vacation alone together would straighten her out.

He would have done it beautifully. "There'll be some formalities here," said Kincaid, "but I think that's all they'll be. Now — are you really okay? Is Hilary behaving?"

"Oh, beautifully," said Margaret, and began to laugh and burst into a fit of coughing instead. When she could speak again she told him about Mrs. Foale. And she was right; he had been convinced that Mrs. Foale was dead when he found, inside a layer of linens in one of the storage-room trunks, new and expensive clothes, some unworn.

Labels, of course. And even without those, an unmistakable Eastern cut that would destroy her new protective coloring.

"Where is she now?" asked Kincaid, and Margaret realised that she didn't know. She said, "Hold on a second," and lowered the phone to call to the silent and fascinated presence just outside the door, "Mrs. . . .?"

"Snaith," said the nurse imperturbably, putting her head round the door. "Do you know what became of Mrs. Foale, the woman who was here when the police came?"

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 7, 1962

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To page 66

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Or so she thought until Kincaid's voice, changed, warmed, said in her ear, "Hilary gets a medal, some time tomorrow. Who's this Mrs. Snaith, a nurse? Is she staying with you?"

"I think so."

"Somebody," said Kincaid with severity, "has to take care of you until I come back, as soon as I can make it."

Margaret did not remark that she had been taking care of herself, in sickness and in health, for a good many years and with a fair amount of efficiency. She said modestly, "I'm all right," but when she hung up at last she did it as dreamily



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Continuing . . . HOURS TO KILL

from page 65

to Cornelia over the phone, "Take something, quick . . ."

Her stomach, thoroughly emptied of pool water, would have been receptive to drugs, indeed. Warned by Kincaid, she would have been able to help herself to barbiturates from Philip's supply. The blood test, of course, would show that she had been drugged.

A little chilling, much more comforting for Margaret, that she would never know to what lengths Cornelia had gone to save herself before or after Philip's death.

Hilary was abroad early, a dedicated Florence Nightingale under Mrs. Snaith's admiring and uninitiated eye. She hovered in Margaret's bedroom, trying on her gloves, leaving only a faint smear of peanut butter on the back of one.

She seemed untouched, Margaret thought wonderingly; the night had come and gone and left her just as she was.

Just then, by way of restoring the norm, Hilary knocked over a yellow-shaded lamp. She said without righting it, "She was a horrible woman, wasn't she?"

The books said no; said gently, "Dear, she was sick." No book had been written yet for Hilary, or the topping of Hilary's idols.

Margaret said gravely, "Yes, Hilary, she was dreadful, and quite dangerous. You were awfully good last night, and very brave. Mr. Kincaid's going to give you a medal."

Hilary was alerted at once. "Gold?"

"Leather," said Margaret. "Leather medals are the best, and the rarest." She closed her eyes, exhausted although she had only been awake an hour, and heard the doorbell ring.

THERE was a murmur of voices in the living-room, and presently Mrs. Reverton was in the bedroom with her arm around Hilary. She was a handsomer, grown-up edition of her daughter, with black-lashed yellow eyes, black hair cut in jagged scissor points around her lean wide-awake face. She wore pink toreador pants and a black-and-

white-striped jersey half-buried by a wild profusion of necklaces, and from the soundless way she had entered she was barefoot. She looked weird and happy, and when Mrs. Snaith had departed to collect Hilary's belongings she was full of thanks and solicitude.

"My husband and I—well, I won't bore you with that, but tell Philip and your sister, will you, that the operation was a success?"

Hilary shot Margaret an appalled look. Sincerely, Mrs. Snaith appeared with a question as to the ownership of a white cardigan, and in an astonishingly short time the Revertons were packed and ready to go. Hilary roused herself from a repressive contemplation of her mother's bib of necklaces—clearly she would have preferred a single austere strand of real pearls—to say to Margaret from the doorway, "Will you send me my medal?"

"I certainly will."

"Will you come and see me when you get back to New York?"

Wonders would never cease. "Yes, Hilary, we will."

Hilary mulled that over, although her mother was calling her impatiently. "Who's we?"

Margaret smiled at her from the bed. It was not quite over yet, and there would be a period of trouble for Cornelia but just at the moment she felt so sure and serene that it was all she could do not to stretch like a cat.

"Me and my friend Mr. Kincaid," she said.

THE END

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Bewitching serial based on famous legend of love

NEXT week we present the first long instalment of our new romantic serial "CASTLE DOR" by "Q" and Daphne du Maurier.

Daphne du Maurier, so well known for her novels "Rebecca" and "Frenchman's Creek," needs no introduction to readers. However, we feel most readers will be intrigued by "Q," the pseudonym of the late famous novelist and essayist and professor of literature at Cambridge University, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch.

When, at nineteen, Daphne du Maurier first went to live in Cornwall she met "Q's" daughter and was later introduced to the great man of letters. He encouraged her with her first novel, "The Loving Spirit," and her following ones.

"Q's" daughter had told Daphne du Maurier her father was working on a novel, based on the legend of Tristan and Isolt, one which had fascinated and enthralled him, but before he could finish it he died in 1944 at the age of 81. Fifteen years later, at the suggestion and request of the daughter, Daphne du Maurier completed the novel. She says it was a challenge, but she would like to think that had "Q" read what she had written he would have murmured, "This is happily done."

Don't miss the first instalment of this charming romantic serial in next week's issue.

YOUR BOOKSHELF with JOYCE HALSTEAD

"Catherine The Great"

Ian Grey (Hodder & Stoughton), 37/3.

Extraordinary ambition led a minor 18th century German Princess, after a long series of intrigues, to become Empress of All Russia. This was Princess Sophia of Anhalt-Zerbst, who took the name of Catherine when she was received into the Russian Orthodox Church upon her marriage to Grand Duke Peter, heir to the throne. Peter failed miserably as a husband, flaunted his mistress, humiliating Catherine, whose dignified and controlled behaviour impressed not only the people but Empress Elizabeth.

When the latter died she could look back upon a measure of stability throughout her reign. She doubted Peter's ability to follow her, but could never make the decision to name another successor. She hadn't bargained for Catherine's supporters.

Peter didn't reign long before he was ousted by a coup and Catherine installed.

Thenceforward Catherine's good intentions for reforms were tempered by the uncertainties of her own position. She had hoped to free the serfs, but it was more important to keep the nobles happy, and they wanted no changes. Other reforms were thwarted by similar "vested interests." Catherine used her skill in keeping her position and extending foreign policy.

Throughout her reign she had her favorites, notably Potemkin, a strong power behind the throne. Catherine is said to have had a personality which cast a spell over all who knew her. She remained good looking until old age. Her intellectual interests led her to correspond with Voltaire and other great European thinkers of the time.

This book is an extremely readable and sympathetic study of a remarkable woman. The writer, an Australian who has served on diplomatic missions to Moscow, has based it on wide research.

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FL

Continuing . . . HOURS TO KILL

from page 64

"Oh, they took her with them, for questioning they said. They took her gun with them, too. They said it would be easy to tell if it had been used to shoot Garcia. And they asked her if she had a car. It sounded as if they thought she was the hit-and-run driver who had killed him. She gave Johnny Ortiz a terrible bite," said Mrs. Snaith, finishing with a certain relish.

Margaret conveyed this information to Kincaid. With Cornelia safe, and Mrs. Foale no longer an unknown darkness but a dyed, dried blonde who had hardly improved her case by biting a police officer, she felt limp and empty with relief, incapable, just now, of containing happiness.

Or so she thought until Kincaid's voice, changed, warmed, said in her ear, "Hilary gets a medal, some time tomorrow. Who's this Mrs. Snaith, a nurse? Is she staying with you?"

"I think so," said Kincaid with severity, "has to take care of you until I come back, as soon as I can make it."

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The suspicions that made her hide the capsule before she left on the trip would be aroused. Alerted to danger, she must have noticed signs that made her mistrust Philip, at least enough not to take chances until she had proof. Well, she had her proof when she managed somehow to switch the glasses so that Philip drank the lethal cocktail he had made for her.

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To page 66

of her room, dim in the lamplight. She was in bed, neatly, flat on her back, with no memory of getting there. All the pain in her throat had seeped deep inside her chest, and the whistly sound that had awakened her was her own breath, going shallowly, effortfully in and out, as though all but a very small space at the top had solidified. When she lifted her head from the pillow air struck coldly at her damp hair and neck, turned the damp pillow dry when she lowered it again. The sheet beneath her was wet. How long had she lain here, talking to herself, with fever pouring out of her?

Cornelia — but Kincaid was with her, on his way to her, worth an army of lawyers. Hilary . . . Margaret struggled up on her elbow, threw back her covers, and was put firmly back by a big, grey-haired woman who seemed to materialise out of the wall.

"Awake, are you? How do you feel?" Somebody had sent her. The police? Margaret said, "I have to —"

"Have to nothing. You've got pneumonia," said the woman briskly. "I'm a nurse, and you're my job. If it's the little girl you're worried about, she's time, dead to the world. And you had a telephone call from a Mr. Kincaid. You're not to worry; he's taking care of everything and he'll be back tomorrow. Now."

A thermometer went into Margaret's mouth, but she did not remember its being taken out again. She woke to the nurse's voice saying, ". . . feel better if you do," and realised that she had been staring at a spoonful of clear soup. She drank it obediently, and went on drinking it until warmth spread through her and seemed to ease her breath.

She slept again until the phone rang. The nightmare waiting came back, until she remembered, and the nurse was saying, "Well, I think she might —" and handing her the receiver.

IT was Kincaid, and his voice was so comforting, so like coming home, that Margaret was momentarily weak against the pillows she had braced herself on. She said to his first query, "I'm all right; how's Cornelia?"

"Still pretty groggy." He sounded as close, miles away in the night, as though he were standing beside her.

"I suppose she told you she was drugged . . . Hello? Margaret?"

Drugged. Not responsible, not accountable.

Kincaid's voice went on, saying something about a doctor and a blood test for Cornelia and a confusion of cocktail glasses; Margaret could only realise that Cornelia had not placed herself in even greater jeopardy. She was safe from suspicion because she had been physically incapacitated. It could be proved that she had been drugged, that she would not have been able to rescue Philip.

... reputation, all along the way. Cornelia was supposed to be a drinking-and-barbiturate problem. After Philip had packed, he remembered two samples he'd forgotten, and he asked Cornelia to put them in her suitcase. He said he was going to combine business and pleasure — and, of course, she handled the bottles, tightened the caps to make sure they wouldn't open, wrapped them inside clothing so they wouldn't break. Her fingerprints were all over them.

Foresighted Philip — and he would have done it so well. The frantic but loyal husband, hiding his wife's addiction, hoping a vacation alone together would straighten her out.

He would have done it beautifully. "There'll be some formalities here," said Kincaid, "but I think that's all they'll be. Now — are you really okay? Is Hilary behaving?"

"Oh, beautifully," said Margaret, and began to laugh and burst into a fit of coughing instead. When she could speak again she told him about Mrs. Foale. And she was right; he had been convinced that Mrs. Foale was dead when he found, inside a layer of linens, in one of the storage-room trunks, new and expensive clothes, some unworn.

Labels, of course. And even without those, an unmistakable Eastern cut that would destroy her new protective coloring.

"Where is she now?" asked Kincaid, and Margaret realised that she didn't know. She said, "Hold on a second," and lowered the phone to call to the silent and fascinated presence just outside the door, "Mrs. . . ."

"Snaith," said the nurse imperturbably, putting her head round the door. "Do you know what became of Mrs. Foale, the woman who was here when the police came?"

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 7, 1962



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"CHERYL."—New Look frock with stand-up collar and short or long sleeves. Material is angora in oatmeal, maize-plum, caramel, or olive.

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Continuing . . . LISA AND THE FOOD OF LOVE

from page 67

Anyway, they accepted my invitation straight away.

Since I'm being honest, I might as well admit that I had a bit of an ulterior motive as well. One of the branch managers was leaving and it didn't seem a bad time to remind old Harry that I existed. Also, I was longing for a chance to show off Lisa.

I don't know if I've ever made this clear, but Lisa was by way of being rather decorative, and also she knew about things. Music, books, art—the kind of things they seem to take in through their pores in Vienna, but which take rather longer to come by in Littlehampton.

Lisa was delighted. "But, of course, Paul. I will cook something very splendid for your nice boss—please do not worry."

That's what I'd been afraid of. "Look, sweetie," I said carefully. "I honestly think something quite simple would be best. They're probably not used to—"

But Lisa was already deep in her books. "Civet of Inkfish?" she murmured. "No, it is not a good time of the year. Raito? Fish Plaki?"

What could I do? As I've said, I really loved the girl.

We'd invited the Turners for Saturday so that we had all the afternoon to clean up the flat. Lisa made a shilling bunch of daffodils do wonders with some greenery she'd picked up somewhere, and by the time we'd finished and put candles on the table the place looked really festive and gay, not like a couple of tiny attic rooms in a suburb.

As for Lisa in a red corduroy dress she'd made herself—well, I admit I'm prejudiced, but I don't know where you could have found anything to beat her.

The Turners arrived dead on

time. Harry was one of those bluff, genial men whose joking manner hides a first-class brain. Mabel was a few years younger—a kind, gentle, unassuming woman with greying hair. "Motherly" was the word that came to mind, and you couldn't help thinking what a shame it was they'd had no kids.

You could see at once that Lisa was going to go down with them. There were none of those sticky pauses you so often get at the beginning of an evening. The Turners liked the studio couch, they liked the cushions—they even said they liked the sherry, a special offer from my grocer.

Then we sat down to dinner.

MRS. TURNER

admired the candles and the ivy leaves. Then she picked up her fork, took a mouthful—and turned pale.

"Er . . . delicious, my dear. So unusual."

"Oh yes, it is good, is it not?" said Lisa happily. "And so simple. It has in it only anchovies, almonds, figs, onions, much garlic, of course—"

"Of course," said Mrs. Turner faintly.

"And then pimento, olive oil, sardines," Lisa went on cheerfully. She had not been brought up to think that discussing food is impolite.

"How interesting," Mrs. Turner murmured. "You are so lucky," she said, turning to me, "having a wife who's willing to experiment. I'm afraid I've got into a bit of a rut myself after all these years."

She got through her hors-d'oeuvre. She had a pretty heroic stab at the entree. It was the Siphanic honey pie (a mere trifle containing goat's

cheese, cinnamon, molasses, and so on), which defeated her. "Always had a small appetite, so silly of me," she said, laying down her spoon and leaning back, her eyes half closed.

They left early.

Next morning, Harry Turner sent for me as soon as I got to the office.

"Look, old chap, I just thought I ought to warn you," he said. "I mean, in case your wife would like to change her fishmonger or anything. No-body's fault, of course, but Mabel was very ill last night. Dreadfully sick. Never seen her like it. Just thought I'd mention it. Always think plain English cooking's best myself—not to say anything against your wife, of course. Charming girl, charming."

That night I had my first real row with Lisa.

"So now see what you've done! That's a fine way to advance my career, isn't it? Shouldn't think I've got a hope of that job now. Every time Harry sees me he'll think: 'That's the chap who poisoned my wife.'"

"But, Paul, it was—"

But I wouldn't let her speak. All the long months of gastric suffering rose inside me. It wasn't really I who spoke; it was my stomach. "You'll just have to stop this, Lisa; it's no good. I just can't eat any more of this foreign stuff. I'm English and you'll just have to face it. From now on it's good, plain English cooking or I quit."

The following night I came home to find the house very quiet. Something seemed to be missing. After a while I realised it was the smells: no garlic, no oil, just a very faint scent which brought back nostalgic childhood memories of dear old Littlehampton. Boiled cabbage, that's what it was.

I ran upstairs. Lisa, pale and subdued in a small, plastic apron instead of the black smock, was dishing up some steamed white fish and a square of cabbage. A spoonful of mashed potato followed.

"Is this correct?"

"Perfect," I said happily. "What about you?"

"Thank you, I am not hungry," said Lisa disdainfully, and swept into the bedroom.

All that week, and the week that followed, Lisa kept it up. Baked beans, steamed puddings, stewed apple, mutton stew—everything was pale and peaceful, unseasoned and Anglo-Saxon. My stomach prospered. I threw away the indigestion tablets.

You will assume, therefore, that I was blissfully happy. Alas, you will be wrong. For Lisa continued pale and silent, utterly unlike herself. There were black rings under her eyes and for long periods she shut herself in the bedroom. Lisa, in short, was pining.

After a fortnight I couldn't bear it any longer. "Look, darling," I said, spooning in my rhubarb and custard, "I'm awfully sorry I said all that. Who cares about old Harry Turner, anyway? You just go back and cook something really exciting."

Lisa smiled, a sweet, gentle Mona Lisa smile. But the next night we had shepherd's pie and jelly from a packet. "Truly, Lisa, I meant it," I said. "How about some nice lungenbeuschel or aratatouille or something?"

"It is for a wife to make her husband happy," said Lisa primly.

Something had to be done. I loved Lisa and I'd made her

To page 70

Illustrated is our Scandinavian-style suite—Cat. No. 12.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—March 7, 1962

Fashion PATTERNS

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F7553.—One-piece frock with a two-piece collar has above- or below-elbow sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires: "A," 2½yds. 54in. material; "B," 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

F7561.—Scoop-neck negligee has a wide border. Sizes 32 to 36in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material, 7½yds. 5in. lace. Price 4/6.

F7555.—Short nightgown has a high waist. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material, ½yd. 36in. lace. Price 3/6.

F5769.—Cool tennis frock with a collar in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

F7105.—Teenage frock with optional sleeve-lengths. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires: "A" (long sleeves), 2½yds. 54in. material; "B" (short sleeves), 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

F7441.—Slacks and overblouse with two-tone contrast. Sizes 30 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material, ½yd. 36in. light contrast, ½yd. 36in. dark contrast. Price 4/6.



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No. 616.—DUCHESS SET
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No. 617.—CHILD'S FROCK
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miserable. It was now up to me to make a gesture.

The next night I got home early to find Lisa decanting a pale piece of haddock from its milky fluid.

"Lisa," I said, "it's time you had a break. We're going out."

I swivelled her around, untied her apron, and pushed her in the direction of the bedroom. "Go on, get your warpaint on."

She came out ten minutes later in a swirling black dress with a rose at her throat, and as I gazed at her I thought no sacrifice was too great for somebody who looked like that.

"Where are we going?" she asked.

"Ah ha, you just leave it to me."

I'd spent a lot of time choosing the restaurant. Talked to a couple of foreign chaps in the office, looked up guide-books and all that. It was called Tschorski Cslovizki or something of the sort, and was run by a

Continuing . . . LISA AND THE FOOD OF LOVE

from page 68

couple of Turks famous for their unusual dishes.

I was going to eat humble pie with a vengeance and if humble pie turned out to be sheep's eyes drenched in saffron — well, my thumb would be the first to sink into the bowl.

The place was hot and smoky with a smell you could have cut with a knife. Several fat men were sitting over their piled and steaming plates and on their faces was a devout and dedicated look. Just the sort of place for Lisa.

Lisa stopped on the threshold.

"But, Paul —?"

"No 'buts,' honey; this is my treat. Come on."

She followed me meekly and slipped into her place. She was still withdrawn and pale; not herself at all.

Well, I was soon going to change all that.

I ordered lavishly, like an old hand. Ukrainian borscht, chicken cooked in honey and garnished with prunes and saffron, piroshki, sweet chestnut cakes . . . Then I looked with pride at Lisa, seeking her approval. "Will that do, darling?"

Lisa's face was pinched and disapproving.

"I'd just like a plain omelet, please," she said.

That was more than I was going to stand. "Now look, sweetheart, you're carrying this thing too far. I admit I've been a heel, but, for goodness' sake, I'm trying to make amends."

Lisa pressed her lips together. She had gone very white.

"Paul, please do not argue with me now. Only do as I say and order for me an omelet."

I turned to the waiter.

"Two Ukrainian borschts," I said firmly, "two chickens in honey, two piroshkis . . ."

When I looked up Lisa was gone. I saw her dark skirt swinging through the revolving door, but by the time I'd extricated myself from the angry waiter she had gone.

The next day was a miserable one. I was so angry with Lisa that I just slammed out of the house before she was up and had breakfast in a cafe. Things weren't improved by the fact that old Harry Turner seemed to be in a fatuously good tem-

per, full of pats on the back and promise of great things to come.

I'd never seen him quite so genial and lit-up looking, and far from being cross about the dinner he detained me with affectionate and unintelligible messages for Lisa from his wife. By the end of the day I had a splitting headache and craving to take it out on Lisa with the father and mother of all rows.

It was not to be. There are things you can have rows with and things you can't. I opened the door and Lisa didn't run into my arms—she flew into them like a meteor.

"Darling Paul," she said, "I'm sorry, so terribly sorry about last night. Only I could not, I just could not touch that stuff. It was all I could do not to be sick just sitting there—I have felt awful all these weeks. But today I have been to the doctor."

"The doctor?" I caught at the word and fear lurched inside me, pan-

... "You're not ill?"

"But of course not. Ach, how stupid are men!"

So then I hooked her face out from under my chin and looked into her shining eyes, and then, of course, knew.

Then, after delight, came responsibility, worry. "But, Lisa, this flat—it's so small and you know that landlord said—"

Lisa stirred in my arms. "Oh, that's all right," she said happily. "It has all worked out so beautifully. The Turners will make of their great house two flats and we shall have one with the use of the garden. Mrs. Turner says it will be good so, for they will be companions for each other."

This had me foxed completely. "Who be companions for whom?" I said.

"Why, the babies, of course. The Turners' and ours."

"What!" I said wildly. "You mean that Mabel Turner's going to . . .?"

Lisa nodded. "Of course. She told me that night they came to dinner. This is why she could not eat. Only she has not spoken of it yet to Harry, for she is already forty-one and they had quite given up hope. She did not wish to disappoint him. But today we have been together at the doctor's, and it is certain so today she has told him."

I digested this. It looked excellent whichever way you looked at it. I tightened my arms around Lisa and began to kiss my way through her warm, soft hair. And it was then, and only then, I swear it, that the other thought came to me. Small, grateful, gastronomic thoughts.

"Egg custard," I thought tenderly, "sieved apples, junket; tomato sandwiches and sponge fingers for nurse tea. And later on steamed pudding, sausages and mash, toast and dripping-cheap, simple foods to feed a growing family . . ."

After all, I am an Englishman.
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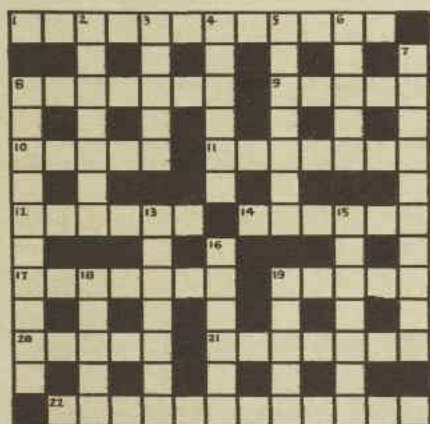


THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

- ACROSS**
- Co-operation between two nations makes things shining (6, 6).
 - Abstain in favor of a heavy, partly carnivorous animal (7).
 - Precious stone in a means of entrance (5).
 - Of the country, mostly Russian mountains (5).
 - Burdened a person with a task, and naturally, if headless, it becomes confused (7).
 - Victim of a very early flying accident (6).
 - Band worn round limb between shoulder and hand (6).
 - Her confused lids are used as messengers (7).
 - This bird is glossy black (5).
 - Strictly correct to demand and enforce payment (5).
 - Wide-spreading dominions keeping inside a politician with rage (7).
 - The pie Martha concocted for a place of public display (12).



Solution of last week's crossword.



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- True air in part of ancient Italy (7).
- Those who take the long view must be (10).
- Fish basket with a frame on which to thread the fishing-line (5).
- He rips to decay (6).
- He died swimming for a priestess of Aphrodite (7).
- Little though it contains all (5).
- And so these are on graves (10).
- Take off the fastening of a door at lunch (7).
- A hare in its first year (7).
- Way of looking in a spectacular show (6).
- Kingdom with a head which actually exists (5).
- Asian coin which is just more than pure (5).

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - March 7, 1962

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